

THE UNDERCOVER/WEAR TRIGGER ORG

a screenplay

written by

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EARLY IN THE MORNING ON A BRIGHT CLEAR DAY IN TRANSYLVANIA. A SMALL VILLAGE OVERLOOKING THE SEA IS SEEN FROM FAR ABOVE. A BELL RINGS IN AN OLD STUCCO TOWER AS A SMALL FIGURE WRAPPED ENTIRELY IN A LIGHT, INTRICATELY-WOVEN STRAW FABRIC BEGINS TO SPIN SLOWLY ON ONE TOE, LETTING THE LONG STRIP OF FABRIC UNROLL IN THE WIND.

THE FLOWING OPENWORK DESIGN OF THE FABRIC IS SEEN CLOSEUP FOR A MOMENT AND THEN WE ARE IN A NARROW STREET IN THE OLD PART OF THE VILLAGE WHERE A MAN & WOMAN IN SUNGLASSES AND LOOSE-FITTING CANVAS SHORTS ARE ASKING DIRECTIONS FROM A NEWS VENDOR.

VENDOR

Caves? You say “caves”? What is?
“Caves”? Cigarettes?

GRETA

Mapa.

HANSEL

Mapa del mar.

FLASH CUT TO NUDE MALE RIDER ON A DAPPLED GRAY HORSE GALLOPING ALONG ROLLING SURF AT HIGH TIDE. HE GLANCES UP AT THE GATHERING STORM CLOUDS. BACK TO VENDOR.

VENDOR

O.Yes. OK. Mapa.

HE SELLS THEM A MAP. AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE HANSEL FLIPS OPEN THE MAP IMPATIENTLY.

HANSEL

I thought those caves were a landmark here. We'll be late for the meeting.

CUT TO ROCKEFELLER CENTER IN NEW YORK CITY. A MILLING CROWD OF SHOPPERS AND TOURISTS BUSTLES ACROSS THE INTERSECTION AND AROUND THE PLAZA UNDER THE HUGE METAL SCULPTURE OVERHANGING A CLUSTER OF FOREIGN DIGNATERIES CLUTCHING MAPS AND BROCHURES. THEY APPEAR TO BE LOST.

SUDDENLY, A PINK-CHEEKED ELDERLY WOMAN, PALE AS PORCELIN IN A LONG MINK COAT AND MINK CLOCHE HAT STEPS OUT OF THE CROWD AND TOWARD THE TOURIST GROUP. SHE HESITATES FOR A SECOND AND THEN SPREADS WIDE HER ELABORATE COAT WITH A FLOURISH, REVEALING INSIDE THESE FUR WINGS A BLACK GIRDLE AND BRA WITH BLACK HOSE SUSPENDED FROM HER HIPS BY SILVER GARTERS. A SILVER LIGHTNING BOLT SASH IS SUSPENDED FROM HER LEFT SHOULDER AND TUCKED INTO THE TOP OF HER RIGHT GARTER.

ELYSSA

The time is now!

THE CROWD RECOILS IN SHOCK.

WOMAN

The time is now, Alonzo!

AS A MAN IN A BLUE PINSTRIPED SUIT STEPS FORWARD FROM THE CROWD WITH A CRIMSON FACE, THE WOMAN (ELYSSA) CLOSES HER COAT AGAIN AND RUSHES INTO THE CROWD. TWO POLICE OFFICERS ARRIVE, COLLARING A TALL, THIN MAN OF FORTY IN A BLACK LEATHER JACKET WHO HAD BEEN STANDING TO ONE SIDE OF ELYSSA WHEN SHE OPENED HER COAT.

CUT BRIEFLY TO A NAKED BLACK-SKINNED SHAMAN COVERED WITH WHITE POLKA DOTS WHO IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND AT MOMENTS THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE, WATCHING SILENTLY.

THERE IS NO DIRECT FOCUS OF ATTENTION ON THIS SHAMAN, WHO IS SEEN WATCHING ALONZO AND THIN ALBERT.

ALONZO,

(in broken English)

I am Alonzo. He had no pants. There was nowhere to run. No pants and no shirt. This is my wife.

A WOMAN (BETTY) IN A BUSINESS SUIT STEPS FORWARD AND ALONZO PUTS HIS ARM PROTECTIVELY AROUND HER SHOULDERS.

ALONZO,

(for a moment in trance, very confused)

Or I when I see the bolt was in the dentist's chair. Helsinki...Eels in Helsinki...

Do we have a picture here of the United Nations? Third floor. Second elevator. The maid at the desk is Agnes. But I...twelve buckets. scales...eels in the scales.

THE POLICE OFFICERS, WHO HAVE BEEN CONFERING WITH THE MAN IN THE LEATHER JACKET, SUDDENLY STEP OVER TO ALONZO.

OFFICER

Looking for the subway here, buddy? This guy here says you two wops were walking around here looking for the subway. Asking people for directions in Greek-Eye-talian, and spitting on the sidewalk. Are those your paper wrappers?

SECOND OFFICER ,(pointing)

So, there's the subway, Buddy.. Since you two wops appear to be from out of town we will spare your life if you will just walk quietly over there to that brass gateway, and down the stairs to the train.

ALONZO,

(Coming to his senses)

No, actually. No trains. We were about to take a cab to the United Nations. Come along, Betty. Betty is my secretary.

BETTY,

(grabbing Alonzo and pulling him away)

Taxi! Taxi!

THE TALL, THIN MAN PASSES CASH TO EACH OFFICER.
THE POLKA DOTTED SHAMAN IS SEEN BRIEFLY
WATCHING THIS TRANSACTION AND REMAINS WATCHING
THE OFFICERS AFTER ALONZO AND BETTY RUN AROUND
THE CORNER AFTER A SLOWING TAXICAB.

THIN MAN

Thanks a bunch. OK? There was somebody here from the Trigger Org and we had to keep an eye on the Process. OK? But we have both got our George Washingtons filed...

SECOND OFFICER

George Washingtons filed...?

FIRST OFFICER,

(as the thin man slips away into the crowd)

The government! It's code for the government. They all talk in code. You saw his ID.

SECOND OFFICER

I thought he meant money. I thought the George Washingtons were on the money. I thought that ID was forged. The Eye in the Triangle was sideways.

Didn't you notice. The Eye in the Great Seal was half open?

FIRST OFFICER,
(snapping the bill in his face)
You think too much. Stop thinking and start winking.

CUT TO THE UNDERCOVER/WEAR ORG CONFERENCE ROOM DEEP BENEATH THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS. AN INTENSELY ANGRY CONFERENCE IS IN PROCESS. TEN PEOPLE SIT AT THE TABLE, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN WEARING HEAVY BLACK OVERCOATS AND CLOCHE FUR HATS.

BARON BARON-BARONI
He did not go to Agnes at the U N Plaza. He went over to Starbucks coffee beside the public library with some girl named Betty he thought was his wife or his secretary and then back to her hotel room at the Comfort Inn. We had him in the chair here for at least six hours six weeks ago. Who has failed to condition the pigeon? Raise your hand.
THERE IS A TERRIFIED SILENCE.
Raise your hand.

DR. ZEBRA ZEBRA,
(raising his hand)
So terribly sorry. We thought we had successfully attached his emotional affects to the black silk lounging set with the lightning bolt sash but perhaps there was extraneous noise during the hypnosis. Who can know? Who can know anything for sure .I vote we try to get him into the chair here again but cue all responses with the white executive set of sensible jockey shorts...It may be

possible that an interesting pair of male
briefs, embroidered tastefully with
musical notes and slogans...

BARON BARON-BARONI

Slides please.

THE LIGHTS DIM AND A SLIDE PROJECTOR BEGINS
SHOWING MAGAZINE PHOTOS OF MENS UNDERWEAR AND
WOMEN'S LINGERIE. ONE OF THESE SLIDES SHOWS THE
POLKA DOT SHAMAN IN BLACK BRIEFS STANDING BESIDE
THE STRAW FABRIC SHAMAN WHO IS WEARING A SEE-
THRU BEIGE OPENWORK BIKINI. BOTH SHAMANS WEAR
LEI NECKLACES OF ORCHIDS AND HOLD COCONUT RUM
DRINKS. THEY ARE SMILING BROADLY.

DR. ZEBRA ZEBRA

(quickly removing that slide from the projector)

So sorry., Baron Baron-Baroni. These
particular advertisements were actually
rejected as part of our initial
evaluations...

A WOMAN AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE STANDS,
HOLDING A COMPUTER PRINTOUT.

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

Yes. I'm so terribly sorry. We had
rejected that particular style. I don't
know how this slide got into the series...

PROFESSOR POM-POM STANDS, TAKING THE SLIDE FROM
DR. ZEBRA ZEBRA AND MAKING NERVOUS, SILENT
GESTURES,, HE PUTS THE SLIDE UP HIS SLEEVE BY STAGE
MAGIC SLEIGHT OF HAND, AND SILENTLY SITS BACK
DOWN AGAIN, GESTURING NERVOUSLY TOWARD DR.
MARIA.

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

Yes, Dr. Pom Pom. Thank you. We will
have this subliminally analyzed. You

know the procedure. But let's go over the conditioning procedure.

Procedure One. The Pigeon, believing he has been invited to the Institute for Progressive Dentistry, is given light sedation and placed in the Chair. While being shown tasteful photos of modern underwear worn by anonymous models, a subliminal tape of political instructions is pleasantly played to the Pigeon from beneath the headrest of the Professional Chair. These instructions may range from an embassy shopping list to an entire program of assisted assassinations which may last for as long as six months.

FLASH CUT TO AN EMPTY LAWN CHAIR COLLAPSED ON THE STORMY BEACH. A WOMAN IN A RED BIKINI RIDING A NEAT BLACK PONY JUMPS THE CHAIR AT FULL GALLOP. BACK TO DR. MARIA'S SPEECH.

Once this programme of activity has been subliminally memorized, a member of the Trigger Org Team need only show to the Pigeon that item of underwear which was on the slide screen at the beginning or the ending of the subliminal tape in order to trigger the desired event, .So. Thank you. I guess that's all. O...the voice on the subliminal tape, which the Pigeon will never hear, is the voice of our own Professor P.E. Pom-Pom...

PROFESSOR POM-POM STANDS, DOFFING HIS FUR CLOCHE HAT FOR A MOMENT AND THEN REPLACING IT. HE DOES NOT SPEAK BUT SITS DOWN ABRUPTLY. BARON BARON-BARON RISES FURIOUSLY TO HIS FEET, KARATE CHOPPING THE TABLE AND RIPPING THE HEADREST OFF THE "PROFESSIONAL CHAIR".

BARON BARON-BARON

So, idiots! We will have to construct a new location!
We will have to make this portable. Who is ready to
construct the Portable Professional Programming
Chair? Who is ready to do this?

THERE IS A TERRIFIED SILENCE.

CUT TO THE THIN MAN STANDING IN A BOOK STORE
SO SMALL THERE IS ROOM ONLY FOR ONE DESK AND
THREE BOOKS THE SIZE OF ENCYCLOPEDIA
VOLUMES. A FAT WOMAN OF FORTY SITS AT THE
DESK READING A LISTING FROM ONE OF THE
VOLUMES INTO THE TELEPHONE.

ALBERTA

According to the “Grande Albert”, the
proper procedure for creating a death
spell involves the mummified left hand
of a murderer who has been hung by the
neck...no, no...not electrocuted...hung
by the neck...Excuse me. Hold it just
one minute. My nephew just walked in
the door here.

What is it, Albert?

No, it's not someone here for a quote
from “Petit Albert”. Hold on! You get
the priority for quotes from the “Grande
Albert”, as long as you pay with credit
card... but this is my nephew Albert.
Yes. He is named after the books...

ALBERT

Why do you say I am your nephew and
that I am named after the books? Those
are ancient sorcery books, and I am a
modern person...

FLASH CUT TO THIN ALBERT STANDING NUDE BESIDE THE
SEA HOLDING A WHEEL FROM A CHARIOT SHATTERED
AROUND HIM. A NUDE DRIVER WITH FACE AVERTED

STANDS HOLDING THE REINS OF TWO ROAN CHARIOT HORSES.

BACK TO THIN ALBERT.

I am exactly your age and we are not related.

ALBERTA,
(talking on the phone)

Yes. There are exactly three books. No more. The Grande Albert, the Petit Albert and My Own Albert...Each of them would probably require the same mummified left hand, but I do not actually recommend this process. I do not recommend it. Not at all. YOU are the one who called and requested these quotations. YOU happen to be curious about black magick .I just own the books, if you understand what I am saying.

ALBERT

Excuse me.

ALBERTA

I just happen to own these, and I read selected customers selected quotes from these selected volumes...I RENT you my time.

ALBERT

Excuse me...but I saw a flasher from the Trigger Org down by Rockefeller Center and I've got to phone the Atomic Network...They are trying something. They are trying to "work" something over at the United Nations...

ALBERTA

My nephew from the United Nations says he has to phone the Atomic Network...so I'll...why don't we continue this conversation in about

twenty minutes. There will be fifteen dollars extra charge. OK.

ALBERT

I am not your nephew. I have this name by co-incidence and you use that co-incidence. Just like you use the name of the United Nations...

ALBERTA

What in the hell is this “Atomic Network”? I can’t use the “Atomic Network”, my darling little nephew Albert, if I don’t know what you mean by “Atomic Network”...

ALBERT

It’s a...ah...we do free lance photography, sometimes photonography... We are in opposition (as usual) to the Forces of Darkness.

ALBERTA

Then why in the hell do you hang around here? Don’t you realize that I own the Originals of the Three Most Feared Black Sorcery Books in the entire Western World...make that: the entire Western and Eastern Worlds?

ALBERT

(repeating the following as a magical mantra, anticipating an effect which does not happen)

“Effective both here on earth and in Outer Space.”...”Effective both here and in outer space...”..”Effective both here...”

ALBERTA, (coldly interrupting)

I see that you know the drill.

Unfortunately Grande Albert has changed the trigger code since we last saw you in this office...Unfortunately, street people from Algeria may have

illegally entered the Brussels office of the Grande Albert...briefly...we found that...

ALBERT, (interrupting)

“Unfortunately”, this happens to be an emergency, I forgot my “extra” dues or what? Don’t you notify the membership of electronic and magical code changes? Did you also change the pager code? If you had not changed the pager code, the Grande Albert would have known of this immediately...

CUT TO A CORRIDOR IN THE UNITED NATIONS. ELYSSA, STILL WEARING THE FUR COAT BUT WITH A FASHIONABLE DRESS LOOSELY ON OVER HER UNDERWEAR, STANDS NERVOUSLY HOLDING A CELL PHONE AND WAITING FOR A CALL. AGNES ROUNDS THE CORNER OF THE HALLWAY IN A FURY, CHECKING AND RE-CHECKING A SMALL SCREEN SHE IS WEARING AROUND HER NECK ON A CHAIN AND TRYING TO STOP A LOUD, PULSING SIGNAL.

ELYSSA

Dr. Zebra Zebra?

AGNES

I don’t know. Some signal from the Cave Org. What happened?

ELYSSA

What do you mean: what happened? I don’t see Alonzo. Can’t you stop that thing? Take out the battery!

AGNES

(struggling with the case)

I can’t. It’s a security-locked crystal. Didn’t you flash him? They think you failed to make contact...

ELYSSA

(opening her dress briefly)

I flashed.

THE PULSING SIGNAL STOPS. AGNES SLAMS DOWN THE COVER OF THE SMALL SCREEN.

AGNES

I think they can view us.

ELYSSA,

(taking hold of the necklace and speaking into it, holding it before her face like a compact mirror)

I flashed but it was all screwed up there. He kept saying “eels” and I think he meant “Elyssa”. That’s my name, Dr. Zebra Zebra... Did you use my name during the hypnosis session? Elyssa...eels...Elyssa...eels...Dr.Zebra Zebra?...

THERE IS A CRACKLING OF STATIC AND A VOICE IS BROADCAST FROM THE NECKLACE SCREEN:

Voice of ALBERT EINSTEIN

No...this’s Albert...not the Grande Albert...where am I?...Ladies, this’s Albert Einstein, and I think I have broken the code between the living and the dead...but I can’t get through on the Grande Albert pager...Did somebody change the code to the Grande Albert on the pager...This’s Albert Einstein and I have some very important information...

ELYSSA

I thought Albert Einstein was dead.

AGNES

I think he is dead, Eeels-sha...

ELYSSA

Elyssa. My name is Elyssa.

FLASH CUT TO ELYSSA STANDING IN A BRIGHT, GRASSY MEADOW IN A SHORT, WHITE TOGA. SHE IS BEING HANDED THE GOLDEN BRIDLE OF A GRAY HORSE BY THE HAND OF SOMEONE WEARING BLACK LEATHER RIDING GLOVES. BACK TO AGNES.

AGNES

(twisting dials on the screen)

Albert...Albert...I think it's the Grande Albert Trigger Org accidentally coming in on our frequency...Albert...You have the wrong number....This's the Undercover/Wear Trigger Org....Do you understand me?...

THERE IS A LOUD BLAST OF STATIC FROM THE NECKLACE SCREEN AND THEN SILENCE.

ELYSSA

You think the Grande Albert interfered with Alonzo? There was something strange at Rockefeller Center. I thought I saw a tall, thin man in a black leather jacket...

AGNES, (amused)

You must be imagining things...ah...Elyssa, isn't it?...Sometimes I have thought I saw polka dot shadows, but not so frequently since the hypnosis treatments...There is no such thing as the "occult"...only the behavioral research of the team of Baron Baron-Baroni, which we must keep secret for a very obvious reason..

ELYSSA FLASHES HER UNDERWEAR FLAMBOYANTLY AND THEN CLOSSES HER FUR COAT, PULLING ON KID GLOVES WITH A FORMAL GESTURE.

ELYSSA

(laughing recklessly)

Why? Indecent exposure? Crimes
against “decency”?

AGNES

No! Because the techniques of the
artificial “sex god” are top secret.

ELYSSA,

(shocked & haughtily clutching her fur
coat around her body with a sudden,
conditioned shift of attitude)

“Sex god”? I didn’t know there was a
“sex god”.

AGNES

Why do you think you flash your
underwear? It’s a matter of the
underground hypnosis team of Doctor
Zebra Zebra. You need a god and sex is
your god. You believe, Elyssa, that your
underwear is god. This’s the experiment.
But I think they gave Alonzo the wrong
set of underwear in Switzerland

ELYSSA

This’s not making any sense to me,
Miss. Weren’t we here to tour the United
Nations? Yes. But I’ve...I must have
gone around the wrong corner and lost
my tour guide...so terribly sorry...

CUT TO THE POLKA DOT SHAMAN, ARMS FOLDED AND
STANDING IN THE JUNGLE SOMEWHERE.

ELYSSA

Is there an information booth in this
building?

CUT TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE LABORATORY IN
THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS. THIS IS A MEDIEVAL
FORTRESS DOOR SET IN A ROCK SURROUNDED BY

TOURIST SIGNS WHICH SAY IN ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN: "TAKE THE CAVE RAILWAY" AND ARE COVERED WITH WORN POSTERS WHICH READ IN RED LETTERS: "CLOSED BY SAFETY INSPECTORS 1945". THE NEWS VENDOR STANDS IN FRONT OF THIS DISPLAY, SPEAKING TO A HIDDEN CAMERA.

VENDOR

Noticias! Noticias! I have news!

THERE IS SILENCE EXCEPT FOR SOUNDS OF WIND AND BIRDS. A DISTANT CAR IS HEARD PASSING AND THEN GONE.

VENDOR

Noticias!...O yes...sorry...

HE QUICKLY REMOVES HIS SHIRT AND PANTS AND STANDS IN FRONT OF THE CAVE ENTRANCE IN BRIGHT RED BOXER BRIEFS WITH A SQUARE TARTAN PLAID PATCH ON THE REAR END, RAISING HIS HANDS ABOVE HIS HEAD IN A RITUAL GESTURE OF "POWER".

VENDOR

I am here....! !Yo aqui se va!

THE FALSE BARRICADE ROLLS OPEN WITH A PIERCING ELECTRIC SIREN. CUT TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM OF BARON BARON-BARONI, WHO STANDS LECTURING IN A RED SILK CAPE, TARTAN PLAID KILT AND RED TAM O'SHANTER. BESIDE HIM ON THE CONFERENCE TABLE IS A LARGE BOX LABELED: "FRAGILE. PORTABLE PROFESSIONAL PROGRAMMING CHAIR".

BARON BARON-BARONI

So, an unknown couple have asked you for maps. Did they identify themselves? I see there is no answer. Do you have your eyes fixed on the screen and do I have your full attention?

CUT TO THE VENDOR, STRAPPED IN THE
“PROFESSIONAL PROGRAMMING CHAIR” AND
SURROUNDED BY THE “UNDERCOVER/WEAR
TRIGGER ORG” STAFF ALL WEARING IDENTICAL
TARTAN PLAID SURGICAL OUTFITS.

DR. ZEBRA ZEBRA

Briefly, our procedure will be to re-
program this mud man to deliver the
Portable Professional Programming
Chair to Agnes at the U.N. Nothing
worked with Alonzo and we do not
know his hotel. Nevertheless, we must
go forward with our projects. World
Order is in danger. The wrong people
are in control.

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA
(activating the programming screen with
a remote control switch)
Golfing briefs.

CUT TO THE TORN OUT AD FOR ATHLETIC
UNDERSHORTS PROJECTED ONTO THE
PROGRAMMING SCREEN.

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA
This is your source of power. These are
the shorts the Right People wear at
country clubs and for major executive
meetings. When you leave here you will
be given a pair of these shorts which you
must wear at all times while delivering
the “Portable Professional Programming
Chair” to our representative at the
United Nations although she may not
actually be at the United Nations in New
York when you deliver this chair.

DR. MARIA MOVES TO THE NEXT SLIDE BY REMOTE.
ON THIS SLIDE IS THE PICTURE OF A SMILING MALE

AIRLINE ATTENDENT IN UNIFORM AND HOLDING A
TICKET AND PASSPORT.

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA
This is the ticket and passport which you
see in virtual form. Actually, these items
are real. You now own personalized
copies of these documents which you
have been fortunate enough to view on
the Organization machine. From this
moment, you will be grateful to the
Organization for this service to you.
Your name is Alonzo Da Zaboonski and
you are delivering the Organization
device to your cousin in America, Agnes
da Zaboonski-Jones.

DR. ZEBRA ZEBRA, (interrupting)
The line of the Zaboonskis is not
extinct. Only the mud people believe it
is extinct. We here impregnate you with
the mind forms of the ancient line of the
Da Zaboonski and you are now a brave
and infallible, elite courier of this
organization.

CUT TO THE BARON SHAKING HANDS WITH THE
VENDOR WHO IS NOW DRESSED IN CONSERVATIVE
KAIKI SLACKS AND A WHITE GOLFING TEE SHIRT
EMBOSSSED WITH THE DA ZABOONSKI COAT OF
ARMS.

BARON BARON-BARONI
Congratulations, Alonzo and bon
voyage.

CUT TO ALONZO STANDING DAZED IN AN
UNDERGROUND CAVE TUNNEL. HE CARRIES THE
PORTABLE PROFESSIONAL CHAIR BOX BY A FLIMSEY
PACKING HANDLE TIED WITH STRING AROUND THE
BOX.IT IS TOO HEAVY. HE SETS IT DOWN AND

STANDS DAZED.THEN HE TAKES OFF HIS CLOTHES
AND LOOKS DOWN AT THE SPORTY ATHLETIC
BRIEFS HE IS WEARING.

VENDOR

I am...

HE RUMAGES DESPERATELY THROUGH HIS
CLOTHES, FINDING THE AIRLINE TICKET AND
READING THE NAME ON THE TICKET.

VENDOR

Alonzo Da Zaboomski...seeking Agnes
Da Zaboomski-Jones...

JUST AT THAT MOMENT HANSEL & GRETA
HAMLINSTEIN-SMITH ARE SEEN WANDERING DOWN
THE TUNNEL, LOOKING IN A CONFUSED WAY AT THE
MAP THEY HAD BOUGHT FROM THE VENDOR.

VENDOR

But these are not my shorts.

COMPLETELY CONFUSED, THE VENDOR REMOVES
THE SHORTS, PUTS ON THE CLOTHES AND PULLS THE
UNDERSHORTS ON OVER THE SLACKS. HANSEL
PUSHES GRETA INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE TUNNEL
AND STEPS FORWARD MANFULLY.

HANSEL

You must be exhausted. Is this your map?

VENDOR

We do not need a map. We are part of
the plan. The Organization provides the
maps and passports.

HANSEL

Yes. But we cannot find the
Organization.

GRETA

They have taken his grandfather's
thirteen-striker clock.

HANSEL

He does not need to know that, Greta.

GRETA

Is there a number on that box? There may be a telephone number on the shipping label.

VENDOR

(pulling a fold-out electronic machete from his wristwatch)

I do not recognize your underwear!

THE VOICE OF ALBERT EINSTEIN IS HEARD THROUGH CRACKLING STATIC AS GRETA PULLS A CELL PHONE OUT OF HER BACK POCKET.

ALBERT EINSTEIN'S VOICE

Hello...hello...this's Albert Einstein.
Have I reached the Grande Albert
Trigger Org...hello hello...Grande
Albert...Einstein here...

CUT BRIEFLY TO THE STRAW FABRIC AND POLKA DOT SHAMANS SITTING SIDE BY SIDE IN THE NEW YORK SUBWAY, AS THIS WILL OCCUR IN THE VENDOR'S FUTURE.

ALBERT EINSTEIN'S VOICE

This's Albert Einstein back from the dead. Have you changed the coding on the Grande Albert pager?

GRETA

(as the vendor advances with his electronic machete)

I didn't know this worked in the tunnel.

FLASH CUT TO THE FRONT VIEW OF A RIDERLESS HORSE AT FULL GALLOP ATTEMPTING TO LEAP OVER THE BARRIERS OF AN ENCLOSED CORRAL. ONE HOOF STRIKES AN UNKNOWN WOMAN IN BLACK SUNGLASSES WATCHING AT THE CORRAL GATE.

CUT TO THE SMALL OFFICES OF THE GRANDE ALBERT ORGANIZATION IN PARIS. YOUNG ALBERTA SITS READING FROM ONE OF THE THREE IDENTICAL

AND MASSIVE GRIMOIRES WHICH REST BEFORE HER
ON THE DESK. THIN ALBERT RUSHES INTO THE
OFFICE.

THIN ALBERT, in English
Where is the Fat Alberta here?

YOUNG ALBERTA, in French, subtitled
Speak French. The Grande Albert is in French.

THIN ALBERT
There has been a Trigger Org Massacre
in a forest. Somewhere in a forest...In
the Alps...the woman who survived says
it was Albert Einstein...She mentioned
Albert...

YOUNG ALBERTA, (in French,
subtitled)
I can hear the name "Albert". Speak
French. Point to the problem in the
Grande or the Petit Albert...Is your
name in the Third Albert Organization
Journals?...

SHE HOLDS OUT ONE OF THE MASSIVE GRIMOIRES,
SAYING IN HEAVILY-ACCENTED ENGLISH:

Name...name...
THIN ALBERT
Albert.

YOUNG ALBERTA, (in French,
subtitled)
Yes, I know. We have the Grande Albert
and the Petit Albert. We are all Albert.
Your former name before
Albert...before Albert...it has a number
in the Registry of
Albert...number....so...you
understand...my number is...so...

SHE POINTS FORCEFULLY TO A PAGE IN THE
REGISTRY.

My number is...so....

THIN ALBERT
(peering at the registry)
O...yes...I see here...
HE LEAFS BACK THROUGH THE REGISTRY.
Here...here I am...

YOUNG ALBERTA,
(in French, subtitled)
Passport?

THIN ALBERT, (quiet & intense)
I do not speak French. Look deeply into
my eyes and you will understand me.
There has been a Trigger Org Massacre
in the Alps. A woman who survived the
massacre has mentioned Albert
Einstein...

YOUNG ALBERTA,
(in French, subtitled)
Einstein?...What number Albert is that? I
will have to see your passport. Einstein
is not the name you have touched here.

THIN ALBERT,
(leaning intently across the desk and
grasping Young Alberta's upturned face
between his hands hypnotically)

Albert Einstein is dead. Before his death
he was secretly interested in
communicating with the dead. Perhaps
now that he is actually dead, these
methods may seem more obvious to
him...

CUT TO THE VENDOR STANDING IN A CAR ON THE
NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY FROM KENNEDY AIRPORT,
SURROUNDED BY A MOTLEY CROWD OF STREET
PEOPLE, COMMUTING WALL STREET EXECUTIVES

WITH NEAT ATTACHE CASES, AND A TOUR GROUP OF CHILDREN WEARING LARGE IDENTIFICATION BADGES.

THE POLKA DOT AND STRAW FABRIC SHAMANS ARE GLIMPSED BRIEFLY, AS IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE, SITTING SILENTLY ON THE SUBWAY AND WATCHING THE VENDOR. WHO IS WEARING A NAVY BLUE OVERCOAT WITH BRASS BUTTONS AND HOLDING THE HANDLE OF A WHEELED LUGGAGE CART MARKED “**ATLAS LINGERIE**”.

A SUBWAY “BUTTON-SNIFFER” THIEF RUSHES OUT FROM BEHIND THE MILLING CHILDREN AND QUICKLY SNIPS THE BRASS BUTTONS FROM THE VENDOR’S COAT, RUSHING OUT THE OPENING SUBWAY DOORS AMID PANDEMONIUM. THE VENDOR’S COAT, BUTTONLESS, FLIPS OPEN AS HE CLUTCHES THE OVERHEAD RAILING WITH ONE HAND AND THE LUGGAGE CART WITH THE OTHER HAND. HE IS WEARING AN “**OLYMPICS 1933**” TEE SHIRT AND HIS GOLFING ATHLETIC BRIEFS OVER HIS LOOSE-FITTING KAIKI TROUSERS.

AS THE SUBWAY DOORS CLOSE, A MAN IN THE CAR STANDS UP, MEZMERIZED BY THE SIGHT OF THE GOLFING UNDERWEAR, AND FUMBLES INTENTLY IN HIS POCKETS FOR HIS CELL PHONE.

SUBWAY ALBERT

“Grande Albert...Grande Albert...This must be an echo of my former life with the Undercover/Wear Trigger Org... What shall I do? I’m not sure what I should do... What was I before I registered...?...Where’s the cell phone...I can’t call into headquarters...I must take action.
Pardon me, but are you part of some political project?”

JUST AS THE SUBWAY ALBERT MANAGES TO LOCATE HIS SPECIAL CELLPHONE IN THE BACK POCKET OF HIS EXECUTIVE PIN-STRIPED SUITPANTS, A MACHETE RAY LEAPS OUT FROM THE WATCH ON THE OVERHEAD RAILING WRIST OF THE VENDOR AND STRIKES HIM IN THE CHEST. THE CROWD WATCHES IN TERRIFIED SILENCE.

VENDOR

,(in Portuguese, subtitled ,staring at the prone body)

O ...Howdy, stranger...what time is it here? I must be late. There may be clocks with the sports scores...I think my watch...there's something unusual with the watch...Don't you feel there must be something unusual about this watch?...How are you? Terribly sorry. I must get this watch repaired...but...I...there's a problem. This may not actually be my watch...or I'm not here...I was at a conference on the Undercover/Wear Project and I...maybe it's jet lag...I know I'm going somewhere here but I cannot for the life of me remember exactly what'swhat's happening...

THE SUBWAY DOORS OPEN. A STREET PERSON SEATED BESIDE THE TWO IMPASSIVE AND MOTIONLESS SHAMANS SPEAKS AS THE TERRIFIED CROWD RUSHES OUT THE SUBWAY DOORS.

STREET PERSON

Call your hotel, man.

CUT TO A JUDGE'S CHAMBERS IN THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS. A FEMALE JUDGE DRESSED IN A WHITE JUDICIAL WIG AND BLACK JUDGE'S ROBE IS STANDING IN FRONT OF AN ANTIQUE OVAL FULL-LENGTH MIRROR OPENING AND CLOSING THE ROBE AS SHE EVALUATES THE APPEARANCE OF HER

UNDERWEAR, AN ANTIQUE-LOOKING BEIGE LACE HIP-LENGTH CHEMISE OVER A PAIR OF MATCHING BIKINI PANTIES . SHORT CONSERVATIVE BLACK LACED BOOTS WITH KNEE HIGH WHITE ATHLETIC SOCKS COMPLETE THE OUTFIT. THE TELEPHONE ON THE DESK RINGS AND THE JUDGE CLOSES HER ROBE AND ANSWERS IT, SEEMING AS SHE CROSSES THE ROOM TO BE COMPLETELY CONSERVATIVE AND SEXUALLY NEUTRAL.

JUDGE

Law Office.

AS THE JUDGE LISTENS ON THE PHONE, A JUDGE IN WIG, ROBE AND BOOTS LOOKING EXACTLY LIKE THE JUDGE ON THE TELEPHONE STEPS OUT FROM A CLOSET CARRYING A PAIR OF BROKEN HANDCUFFS AND A SMALL PISTOL.

JUDGE TWO

Turn around and put down that phone.

JUDGE ONE

Excuse me a moment, Ambassador. I think the maid is having difficulty opening the window.

JUDGE TWO

Turn around, sweetheart. This “maid” has a gun.. Turn around slowly and put down that phone...

JUDGE ONE,

(turning slightly to touch her wristwatch while putting down the phone)

None of your outdated metal guns can stop us. Slip your harness once and we’ll put you right back on trigger...

A MACHETE RAY FROM THE WRIST WATCH OF JUDGE ONE STRIKES JUDGE TWO ON THE GUN HAND. SHE FALLS TO THE FLOOR IN A PAINFUL HYPNOTIC TRANCE.

JUDGE ONE

Ambassador? Yes. Are you there? The maid was attempting to wash the outside windows with some mud culture rope and ladder pulley and detergents and I'm afraid she has fallen somehow backward into the closet. Please leave your number with the receptionist and I'll call back in about thirty minutes.

CUT TO THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE GRANDE ALBERT ORGANIZATION. THE SUBWAY ALBERT RUSHES UP TO FAT ALBERTA, WHO IS SEATED AS BEFORE AT HER SMALL DESK ON THE TELEPHONE TAKING ORDERS AND MAKING APPOINTMENTS. THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS SHOWN IN TIGHT "SIGNIFICANT" HEAD & BODY CLOSEUPS WITHIN THE SMALL OFFICE.

SUBWAY ALBERT

Why is it impossible ever to get The Grande Albert on the telephone? Why? I have been assaulted on the subway by the Trigger Org stun weapon. Do you hear me? "The Trigger Org stun weapon"!

FAT ALBERTA

Obviously, you know the electronic door code but we have told you never to come here.

SUBWAY ALBERT,

(screaming into her face)

Fifteen minutes ago I was in a coma on the floor of Pennsylvania Station. I could not get this Organization on my cell phone.

FAT ALBERTA

In a coma? You could not use your cell phone while you were unconscious and you blame me for this? You have got to take some responsibility for your own

unconscious inability to act, Albert.
When conscious, consult the Grande
Albert. When you are unconscious, you
are on your own.

SUBWAY ALBERT

O GREAT! Now, this's just fine! Is this
or is this not an organization based on
the use of the ancient Grande and Petit
Albert grimoires, the most feared and
respected black magick texts on Earth...

FAT ALBERTA

...AND also where?...where also is the
Grande Albert in charge?

SUBWAY ALBERT

...and where? what?...o...o yes: on
earth and in Outer Space...while
unconscious, I was briefly in the
Amazon jungle. I was not sure the
Grande Albert Organization was with
me in that jungle...

FAT ALBERTA

(dismissing with a brief shake of the
head a quick cut to the Shamans sitting
impassively in the subway)

What is it that you want? I've got six
calls already backed up on hold here,
your highness, while I try to figure out
what this stuff about "a coma" actually
means to people in Pennsylvania
Station.

SUBWAY ALBERT

That's not the point! It's the
Undercover/Wear Trigger Org!

FAT ALBERTA

O...you mean the behavioral
psychologists in Switzerland? There was
a Thin Albert in...

SUBWAY ALBERT,(interrupting)
Not in Switzerland! Here! On the subway! He was wearing a stun gun watch and designer underwear. When I recognized the situation, you see, he zapped me with his wristwatch. Coming from Kennedy Airport with a package in his luggage cart.

FAT ALBERTA

Underwear on the subway? That's not unusual in Amsterdam today.

SUBWAY ALBERT

This isn't Amsterdam, is it? I haven't accidentally...

FAT ALBERTA

You're sure you haven't regressed to 1954, Albert? Have you done your meditations? In 1954, a man could be arrested for undressing...

SUBWAY ALBERT,(screaming)

He was not undressed! His clothes were perfectly respectable!

FAT ALBERTA

As are yours, Albert...

SUBWAY ALBERT

That is not the point! Someone on the subway had clipped off the buttons on his overcoat. They were designer buttons...

FAT ALBERTA

Yes .I'm sure they were. Pushed a designer button in your head, Albert, did they?

SUBWAY ALBERT

Yes! Yes! That's exactly the point. It hit my chest and put me immediately into some sort of trance state. They are operating. They are working. There is

something up on deck, Fat Alberta, and
it was just the luck of the Petit Albert
that he got those brass buttons clipped.

FAT ALBERTA

Ok. Let's just put the tape on this phone
and check this situation with the books
before I notify Grande Albert in person.

SHE PUSHES SOME BUTTONS ON THE TELEPHONE
AND OPENS ONE OF THE THREE LARGE VOLUMES ON
HER DESK, RUNNING HER FINGER DOWN THE TABLE
OF CONTENTS.

There was a Thin Albert in here earlier
with just about the same story. Fancy
underwear in Rockefeller Center. Some
older woman in a fur coat. ..Only he
claims he saw some guy from the United
Nations who tried to get him arrested for
littering the sidewalk while this dame
psychologist caught a taxi, or
whatever... Lucky the police were upset
and forgot the parking ticket...They try
to hypnotize the behavior, don't
they...so...here's the chapter! ...Animal
magnetism...ancient word for
hypnosis...

FLASH CUT TO THE INDEX FINGER OF A HAND IN
FULL BLACK COTTON DRIVING GLOVES WITH
LEATHER INSETS PLACED EXACTLY AT THE CENTER
OF THE FOREHEAD OF A ROAN HORSE, FROZEN
STANDING WITH ONE HOOF UPRAISED.

SUBWAY ALBERT

I know that.

CUT TO THE UNDERCOVER/WEAR ORG CONFERENCE
ROOM DEEP BENEATH THE ALPS. BEHIND THE
CONFERENCE TABLE IS A DISPLAY SCREEN WHICH
SHOWS THE HEADLINE: **"DANISH COUPLE FOUND
BEHEADED IN THE TRANSYLVANNIAN ALPS"**.

BARON BARON-BARONI

This, of course, is simply the International News summary. There are many other reports in many other known languages and some languages which, of course, are unknown to us. Now: using the heads of Hansel and Greta Hamlinstein-Smith as our scientific reference point, we will artificially create the semblance of these two incredibly stupid people and send this semblance across to Milwaukee, USA along with their actual, original passports. By that time, there will be completely free trade between Nigeria, Switzerland, Italy, Amsterdam and the Bahamas and this ridiculous newspaper article will be completely forgotten. So: who will volunteer for the plastic surgery? Who will volunteer to become for the first time, and this is only in terms of experimentation, the intelligent semblance of Greta Hamlinstein-Smith?

THERE IS A SIGNIFICANT AND PROLONGED SILENCE AS ALL GLANCE FURTIVELY AT DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA, THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE ROOM AND AN OBVIOUS CANDIDATE FOR BECOMING GRETA HAMLINSTEIN.
NO ONE SPEAKS. DR. MARIA SITS IN ICY SILENCE.

BARON BARON-BARONI

What is the matter here? No volunteers?

DR. ZEBRA ZEBRA

Dr. Olive (Maria) Maria-Maria is our only qualified plastic surgeon.

BARON BARON-BARONI

So...with the exception of Dr. Olive (Maria) Maria-Maria, who in this room

will now volunteer to become the perfect plastic and intelligent semblances of Hansel and Greta Hamlinstein-Smith as re-created by our own Dr. Olive (Maria) Maria-Maria? It must be a member of this committee and no one else but a member of this committee. The project is top secret

CUT TO THE MAJESTIC .COM SPORTSWEAR & BANKING ORGANIZATION IN NIGERIA. NIGEL UR LAGA-LAGA IS SEATED IN A PLUSH OFFICE WITH A VIEW OF THE JUNGLE THROUGH A WINDOW WALL. .HE IS AN EBONY BLACK AFRICAN, VERY SOPHISTOCATED AND SPEAKING IN ENGLISH WITH AN AFRO-FRENCH ACCENT.

NIGEL

What is the final objective? That's the problem I'm having with this undercover/wear project, Dr. Zebra-Zebra...Do you mind if I speak frankly? What is the purpose of this project? Beauty contests? The electronic fashion market...?

AS NIGEL WAS SPEAKING, THE NOW FAMILIAR POLKA-DOTTED MALE SHAMAN HAS WALKED INTO THE OFFICE THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW WALL AND STANDS LEANING AGAINST THE WINDOW FRAME, DRINKING A DIET COCA COLA. NIGEL SEES HIM AND WAVES CASUALLY, SIGNALING "JUST A MINUTE", THEN CLOSES THE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

NIGEL

As you wish...we will await the results of the plastic surgery before we evaluate the new brochures...

HE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND SPEAKS TO THE SHAMAN.

NIGEL

May I help you? I do have several appointments this morning with people who prefer to come in through the doorway...but here in Nigeria we are flexible...

POLKA-DOTTED SHAMAN

Me feeling me spirit come into me soul.

NIGEL

Really...when was this? At the ATM?

POLKA-DOTTED SHAMAN

You going to get some visit here. Me spirit coming before the U.N. airplane landing...ten, fifteen minutes...

NIGEL,

(holding out a sheet of paper)

Fax got here first...take a look at this, my friend. Nobody is coming here from the United Nations. They're all off somewhere in the Big Apple getting a massage and having their toenails painted...

CUT TO A CLOSE UP OF THE FAX. IT IS A SHORT MESSAGE ON THE **UNDERCOVER/WEAR TRIGGER ORGANIZATION** LETTERHEAD AND SIGNED BY BARON BARON-BARONI..BACK TO NIGEL.

NIGEL

Hypnosis and plastic adjustment projects successful...that's what it says here: "hypnosis and plastic adjustment projects successful"...very shortly we should be getting some investments into

the Afro-Continental branch of the
Majestic.Com Sportswear and Banking
Organization...as you can see with your
own eyes here...

POLKA-DOTTED SHAMAN

You got a plastic adjustment and
hypnosis project? How much you
charging, man? I be expert hypnotist and
cargo manager. I be walk through
window right now, sir.

NIGEL

(shaking his hand)

What an unexpected pleasure.

CUT TO A LARGE OFFICE WITH SEVERAL DESKS AT
THE UNITED NATIONS. AGNES SITS AT HER DESK
BESIDE A LARGE GLASS WINDOW-WALL. IT IS
EVENING. THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY AND PASSING
AIRCRAFT ARE SEEN OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.
THE PHONE RINGS. A MESSAGE TAPE IS HEARD
PLAYING AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BUSINESS
HOURS AT THE U.N. BUILDING. AGNES HITS A
BUTTON TO SWITCH ON THE SPEAKER PHONE AFTER
SHE HEARS NIGEL UR LAGA-LAGA BEGIN TO SPEAK.

NIGEL'S VOICE

Hello?...Hello? Majestic.com
Sportswear and Banking here. Agnes?
OK. At this hour, I will probably reach
your message machine. In fact, I have
reached your message machine. First of
all, I am not in Egypt...

AGNES LEAPS ANGRILY TO HER FEET AND STARES
OUT THE WINDOW AS NIGEL'S VOICE CONTINUES.

I do not intend to return to Egypt and I
suggest you find someone else to
pretend with you...

A TRIANGULAR PIECE OF THE CEILING TILE FALLS FROM ABOVE AND ONTO THE FLOOR. AGNES HEARS THIS AND TURNS AROUND. NIGEL'S VOICE IS STILL SPEAKING.

...that these hypnosis and plastic adjustment ventures are in Egypt or ever have been in Egypt...

AGNES

(rushing to the speaker phone and hitting a button)

This is Nigeria, I assume.

NIGEL

I am located in Nigeria. I do not speak for Nigeria. I speak for myself. Invisible and plastic alterations are not Sportswear...

AGNES HAS PICKED UP THE TRIANGULAR FRAGMENT FROM THE FLOOR AND IS STARING UPWARD AT THE CEILING:

AGNES

The ceiling is falling here.

NIGEL

What?

FLASH CUT TO THE HEAD OF AN ANTELOPE IN A RED BRIDLE BEING RAISED UP FOR SHOW BY A HAND IN BLACK COTTON DRIVING GLOVES WITH LEATHER INSETS. BACK TO AGNES.

AGNES

The ceiling is falling.

NIGEL

What shape is it?

AGNES

What shape...is the ceiling? O: I see. It's half a tile. Approximately a triangle...or...

NIGEL

A triangle is the logo of Majestic.com Sportswear.

AGNES

A triangle is the logo of a stop and go sign...

AS THEY HAVE BEEN ARGUING ABOUT THE SHAPE OF THE TRIANGLE, THE NOW FAMILIAR STRAW-FABRIC SHAMAN HAS COME IN THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR OF THE OFFICE AND STANDS HOLDING A RED TRIANGULAR TRAFFIC SIGN. SHE IS DRAPED IN THE INTRICATELY-WOVEN STRAW FABRIC, NOW RESEMBLING A SARI.

STRAW SHAMAN

Is this what you mean?

NIGEL'S VOICE

You have company ?

AGNES

I think it's the maid. Do you have the key?

NIGEL'S VOICE

The key? I thought you had to see the key...if you know what I mean. The actual key to this situation must be somewhere underneath those business clothes. Am I right, lady?

STRAW SHAMAN

Me pick up a sign in the hall just before me come in here through the door. You need a key? I don't need no key.

AGNES

The door was open?

STRAW SHAMAN

The door was closed. I bring you this sign. It say: "Watch your step. The floors be wet".

NIGEL'S VOICE

(yelling from the speaker phone)

What's that?

AGNES

A street person has gotten into the building. Please hang up. Please hang up! I've got to call security!

STRAW SHAMAN

You callin' security : that won't help you none, lady. The "security" be here to lock you in, eh? You be Miss Agnes de Zaboomski?

AGNES,(archly)

I beg your pardon. Agnes Jones.

STRAW SHAMAN

You be Agnes de Zaboomski-Jones?

AGNES,(furious)

Agnes Jones, thank you.

STRAW SHAMAN

o...Sorry... You not be Zaboomski yet.

THE STRAW SHAMAN FADES BACK THROUGH THE DOORWAY AS AGNES IS PICKING UP THE PHONE.

AGNES,

(not noticing the shaman has left)

What was that? A threat? Was that a threat?

AGNES HITS THE BUZZER BESIDE THE PHONE.

Security! Security!

CUT TO A LOUNGE IN THE UNDERCOVER/WEAR TRIGGER ORG CAVE. BARON BARON-BARONI IS STANDING BESIDE THE BAR, HOLDING A CRYSTAL GLASS OF SHERRY AND SPEAKING TO DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA, WHO SITS INTENSELY ON AN

ORNATE TURQUIOSE BLUE PLUSH COUCH, SIPPING
TONIC WATER FROM A PLASTIC BOTTLE.

BARON BARON-BARONI

What is the purpose of World Conquest?
That is what I ask myself. Nothing can be
absolutely controlled. So, why should I
rule what I cannot control?

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

Appearances can be somewhat
controlled.

BARON BARON-BARONI

Within certain experimental
parameters...such as your excellent
plastic surgery, Dr. Maria!

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

Tell me, Baron: what do you envision as
the absolute purpose of this work?

BARON BARON-BARONI

The survival of the Elitest.

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

O yes: the Elitest...

BARON BARON-BARONI

There is no purpose but the survival of
the Elitist...and every day my
responsibility in this grows more
difficult...there are so few of us who
know what it actually means to be
“elite”...

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

(crossing her legs demurely)

So, I suppose that actual underwear must
be quite boring for you Baron

Baroni...after all the conditioning projects...rudimentary and boring...

BARON BARON-BARONI

The mud people are easily influenced by underwear, and those carnal items which lie beneath the underwear. In our pure quest for World Order we have passed beyond that rudimentary, carnal understanding. You're sure you wouldn't like some sherry, Dr. Maria? This is the finest sherry...from the vineyards of Vinland..

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

(primly with a dry laugh)

Not this afternoon. I'm on call at the clinic. Our patients are just about ready but we do not yet have a complete healing of the sutures...

BARON BARON-BARONI

(clearing his throat)

Yes: even in the most advanced of these procedures, a healing takes time. Will it be more than ten minutes from now?

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

(with arch professionalism)

I'm afraid it will be more than ten minutes...as you were originally instructed...

BARON BARON-BARONI

We do have deadlines on these projects...

FLASH CUT TO A NUDE, FEMALE ACROBAT GRASPING THE HORNS OF AN ANTELOPE TO SOMERSAULT ONTO THE BACK. CUT TO THE BARON AS THE ACROBAT LANDS IN POSITION.

and it is important that the projects themselves be actualized within certain definite parameters...do you understand me?

CUT TO ALONZO AND BETTY IN A SMALL HOTEL ROOM. ALONZO LIES FULLY CLOTHED ON THE NEATLY-MADE DOUBLE BED. BETTY IS SEATED BESIDE HIM, DANGLING A SMALL CRYSTAL PENDULUM IN FRONT OF HIS EYES, AND REFERRING FOR INSTRUCTIONS TO A SMALL PAPERBACK BOOK IN HER LAP.

BETTY

Now...1,2,3 and this will seem quite simple. You will go back in time to when you first...

FLASH CUT TO A SLOW MOTION SHOT OF THE ACROBAT REVERSE-SOMERSAULTING OVER THE HORNS OF THE ANTELOPE TO STAND POISED HOLDING BOTH HORNS. BACK TO BETTY.

... began to fear your underwear...1,2,3 and relax...Remember, I am not a "secret agent" and I am not the devil...Recall that just this morning at the hotel news stand we bought this book on self hypnosis... You have hypnotized me so that I am now a qualified hypnotist and I will now be hypnotizing you for relief of your sexual problems...so...1,2,3,,trust me, Alonzo. I mean no harm. I am trying to help you past this barrier in your mind...so...1,2,3 and this will seem quite simple, quite ordinary...you will feel no pain...now!...1,2,3...you will go back in time to when you first began to fear your own underwear..

ALONZO

(terrified and pressing his back into the bed while clutching the blankets with both hands)

The bank! I have to get to the bank! I
am standing in a bank line in Zurich.
Then there...

CUT TO A BRIEF VIEW OF A BUSTLING SWISS BANK
LOBBY. A CLOCK ON THE MEZZANINE RAILING
READS 14:35 HOURS DIGITAL TIME WHICH BEGINS TO
FLASH ON AND OFF WITH A HISSING SOUND. A
BRIGHT EXPLOSION. A BRIEF VIEW OF EELS
WRITHING IN A SMALL STRAW BASKET. THIS IS VERY
RAPID SEQUENCE. BACK TO ALONZO ON THE BED,
SPEAKING RAPIDLY.

ALONZO

...are a few flashes like sculptures of ice
or botched frames in some news
broadcast and then I am at a fish market
in Helsinki looking at a bunch of live
eels in a freezer counter...O...this can't
be serious...

BETTY, firmly

Yes, Alonzo, 1, 2, 3: you will return to
Helsinki...This is very serious
business..try to return to the freezer
counter. Was this actually a freezer
counter?

ALONZO

No. It was a plate glass window in the
United Nations...there was a...ah...a
name like "eels"...or...the...ah...what's
happening?... this can't be serious...

QUICK FLASH CUT TO THE ACROBAT POISED WITH
HANDS ON THE HORNS OF A BULL DECORATED WITH
RED AND YELLOW RIBBONS, READY TO SOMERSAULT
AGAIN.BACK TO ALONZO SPEAKING IN TRANCE:

...horns on the horse without horns...jump the bull!

BETTY

YES, Alonzo: count with me...1, 2, 3,
and on four you will return to the eels in
Helsinki and the name of those eels...we

are going back now, back to the name of
the eels in Helsinki...1,2,3...

ALONZO

Elyssa!...it's Hell!...Elyssa!

CUT TO A RAPID MONTAGE OF 1) ELISSA WITH FUR
COAT UPRAISED LIKE WINGS, FLASHING HER
UNDERWEAR IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER,2) ALONZO
AS AN ACROBAT IN SUNGLASSES SOMERSAULTING
OVER THE HORNS OF THE BULL,3) THE POLKA DOT
SHAMAN STANDING NAKED IN A JUNGLE LOCATION
AND 4) DR. POM POM FUMBLING WITH AN
ANTIQUATED FILM PROJECTOR. BACK TO BETTY,
STANDING WITH HER INDEX FINGER AGAINST
ALONZO'S FOREHEAD.

BETTY

Excellent! ,,and who is Elyssa? What is
that exact name: Elyssa?

ALONZO

I...black velvet or silk bikini set with
award-winning silver lightning
flash...but I don't like that! I don't like
that sort of underwear...

BETTY

Excellent! All right. Relax,
Alonzo...1,2,3 and on the count of four
you will never have to go back to Elisa
in Hell. You will never have to see those
eels in their underwear...

ALONZO

Not just eels!...bulls! Bulls dancing with
the death antelopes in th...

BETTY

OK? Are you with me...? I,2,3 and on
four you will awake refreshed and with a
positive attitude. You will recall
everything we have discussed with a
positive attitude and you will awake on
the count of four. 1, 2, 3 and 4...

ALONZO

(sitting up with a bright, fixed smile)

It's time to go back to Zurich. I want to go back to Zurich. I am blindfolded and I cannot move. I am lying on the back seat of a car. I am naked and they have taken my identification. I am naked and you have taken my identification.

STILL SMILING BROADLY, ALONZO LEAPS OFF THE BED AND GRABS BETTY BY THE THROAT, WRESTING THE CRYSTAL PENDANT FROM HER GRASP.

BETTY,

(gasping a hypnotic command)

No!...New York...you will awake in this hotel in New York on the count of...

ALONZO

Elyssa, where is your underwear?... You have undressed me in front of th...

BETTY

1,2,3...and you will wake in New York..

ALONZO

I am afraid of New York...

BETTY

(as they struggle)

There is no reason to be afraid of New York.

ALONZO

(waking in a weeping frenzy)

Liar! You are lying to me and you have taken my soul...my soul and the contents of my wallet! I am naked in the lawn chair in front of a digital video camera!

BETTY

(showing him the hypnosis book)

No!...This's all according to the book here. You asked me to hypnotize you so you would regain your memory of where you put the Swiss account book...

ALONZO

Liar!.. It was not my account book! It was the fear of my underwear...

HE OPENS HIS PANTS AND SHOWS HER A PAIR OF
WHITE COTTON BOXER SHORTS.

I no longer fear my underwear. Ok? You
did not know before you hypnotized me
that I actually had any Swiss account
books...I remember that clearly...I
remember everything clearly...

BETTY

I am trying to help you, Alonzo.

ALONZO

Do not offer me any complex
explanations!

BETTY

Someone in Switzerland has stolen your
account books.

ALONZO,

(calming down)

O...yes, yes...I think that might be very
likely...yes...I was blindfolded when
I...

BETTY

(grabbing the crystal pendant)

Excellent! You are returning to Zurich
as a completely independent person
without a blindfold!

ALONZO,

(smiling broadly)

That sounds like a good idea!

BETTY

1,2,3 and on the count of four you are
returning to Zurich as a completely
independent person and you will be able
to see your former self blindfolded and
in the back of a car and then you will be
able to know where they have...

ALONZO,(interrupting)

In a cave! In a cave with my clothes! My
account book is in the underground
tunnels with my clothes they have taken

to the center of the earth...center of the earth..

CUT TO A RAPID ALTERNATING MONTAGE OF ALONZO STRAPPED NAKED INTO THE PROFESSIONAL CONDITIONING CHAIR IN AN UNDERGROUND GROTTO AND BEING DRAGGED FULLY CLOTHED DOWN A TUNNEL TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF A ROOM MARKED: **CLINIC**.

ALONZO

(suddenly gaining paranormal strength and shoving Betty to one side, then grabbing her arm and again grabbing the crystal pendant)

You have taken my account books to the center of the earth..! Dr. Maria Olive Zebra Pom Pom...

BETTY

No!...it's all...it's in the book...

AFTER A BRIEF STRUGGLE, ALONZO CHOKES BETTY TO DEATH WITH THE PENDANT CHAIN, PICKS UP THE BOOK ON HYPNOSIS, AND BEGINS RUNNING HIS INDEX FINGER DOWN THE TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CUT TO ALONZO WAITING IN LINE TO BOARD AN AIRCRAFT AT KENNEDY AIRPORT. THE STRAW FABRIC SHAMAN STANDS AHEAD OF HIM IN LINE, WEARING SPORTY MODERN CAPRI PANTS RESEMBLING A BULLFIGHTER'S COSTUME WITH A BELLY BUTTON LENGTH LOOSE OVERBLOUSE OF OPENWORK DESIGN. SHE CARRIES A BRIGHT GREEN ARTIFICIAL PARRIKEET IN A CAGE.

CUT TO THE VENDOR WITH LUGGAGE CART PASSING THROUGH THE CROWD TOWARD THE "CUSTOMS" SIGN.

CUT TO THE FAKE PARAKEET, WHICH HAS A PEARL, RUBY AND DIAMOND INSET EYE.

CUT TO ALONZO FURIOUSLY WALKING WITH PARANORMAL STRENGTH ALONG AN UPWARD-SLOPING AND OVERGROWN FOREST PATH. SUDDENLY ALONZO COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE SURGERY-CREATED DUPLICATES OF GRETA AND HANSEL HAMLINSTEIN-SMITH, WHO ARE ACTUALLY THE DOCTORS ZEBRA ZEBRA AND POM POM RESPECTIVELY. DR.POM POM, WHO HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO HANSEL'S SEMBLANCE, STILL DOES NOT SPEAK EASILY. HANSEL-POM CARRIES A MAP WHICH HE IS SHOWING TO GRETA-ZEBRA.

GRETA-ZEBRA

My god! It's Alonzo!

HANSEL-POM

Which...ah...Alonzo?...isn't it...

GRETA-ZEBRA

The banker!

ALONZO

Excuse me. Is that a map to the doorway? Where is the doorway to the center of the earth? This way?...Behind you?...Are you coming from the center of the earth where they keep the zoo? Is there a zoo back there down the tunnel?

GRETA-ZEBRA

Have you met with Agnes at the United Nations? Did you keep your appointment at the United Nations?

HANSEL-POM

That wasn't...I don't think it's...exactly wise to...go back to the previous...

GRETA-ZEBRA

What's the code here? Have you a code, sir?

ALONZO

I was kidnapped. Have you been kidnapped?

HANSEL-POM

Not formally. No. Not formally kidnapped... we...ah...we...

ALONZO, (acutely)
Were informally kidnapped...is that it?

GRETA-ZEBRA
No. You were kidnapped. We
volunteered. My profoundest apologies,
Alonzo, but we were forced to volunteer
for this...ah...

HANSEL-POM
..."transformation program"... don't say
"surgery", say: "transformation
program"...

ALONZO LUNGES FOR THE THROAT OF GRETA-
ZEBRA AS HANSEL-POM VAINLY TRIES TO "MAKE A
DEAL".

HANSEL-POM
If it's the...ah...the way to
the...ah..."center of the earth"...why,
I've...it's...I'll sell you the map
if...you...lend me your passport...
Have you...ah...have you completely
forgotten your underwear...your...ah...

CUT TO AN INTERNATIONAL TIMES HEADLINE
READING:"**FORMERLY HEADLESS COUPLE FOUND
SLAIN A SECOND TIME IN TRANSYLVANNIA**".

CUT TO THE OFFICES OF THE GRANDE ALBERT
ORGANIZATION IN PARIS. YOUNG ALBERTA IS
SITTING AT THE FRONT DESK READING THIS
HEADLINE IN FRENCH.
THE ELECTRONIC ENTRANCE CODE BEEPS
SUDDENLY AT THE DOOR AND THE "SUBWAY
ALBERT" RUSHES INTO THE ROOM.

SUBWAY ALBERT
(in English)
Is this the Grande Albert?
YOUNG ALBERTA,
(in French, subtitled)

You are here then from the United States chasing after the French police cars about some crime you have read only in the London newspapers? Well, here's the latest edition if you're interested.

SUBWAY ALBERT

(glancing at the paper)

I don't read French. Does anyone speak German in this office? I am on the track of the post mortem Albert Einstein transmissions.

YOUNG ALBERTA

(in subtitled French)

Yes. Yes. Albert Einstein. The first time she was murdered she said it was Albert Einstein... but now, the second time...they don't know. The police are not releasing any information. Actually, I think they just have the tape recording from a cellular phone...because the first time it happened her head was missing...

SUBWAY ALBERT

We believe that the spirit of Einstein, if we can contact him, will be able to explain th...

YOUNG ALBERTA

(interrupting in French)

I suspect you are a member of the United States Government who has infiltrated the Original French Grande Albert Organization... Are you or are you not this person?

SUBWAY ALBERT, WHO DOES NOT UNDERSTAND FRENCH, STANDS APPREHENSIVELY LOOKING AT YOUNG ALBERTA.

SUBWAY ALBERT,(in English)

You want to see my passport?

YOUNG ALBERTA

(pointing to the ledger of names
and speaking in French)

Name...where is your name? Show me
your passport.

SUBWAY ALBERT

(getting out his passport and pointing to
his name in the ledger)

Here. I seem to see a check beside
another English name...a recent check,
as a matter of fact...well, you can rest
assured that I am not the sort of Albert
that you evidently think I am, young
lady...There may be a Judas Priest
somewhere in the Organization, but I am
not that person. I am simply here
researching the Albert Einstein
transmissions.

YOUNG ALBERTA

(speaking in subtitled French as she
points to a name in the ledger and then
clutches the ledger to her breast and
draws back in apprehension)

Albert Einstein is dead...I see the
membership is canceled...you are...you
are possibly out of your time frame here
?...Possibly, you should see the Grande
Albert in Algeria. I have no information
on the whereabouts of the
deceased...only the...only the Grande
Albert herself might have that
information....if you...

CUT TO THE POLKA DOT SHAMAN DRESSED IN
BLACK LOOSE-FITTING BERMUDA SHORTS AND AN
OPEN WHITE ARABIC SHIRT AND BLACK FEZ,
STANDING BESIDE A FOUR WHEEL DRIVE VEHICLE
PARKED OUTSIDE AN ONION-DOMED MOSQUE. HE
HOLDS A SIGN WHICH READS IN A NUMBER OF
LANGUAGES, INCLUDING ENGLISH: **“SPORTSWEAR**

CARGO DELIVERY HERE". THIS IS BRIEF AND DAZZLING.

YOUNG ALBERTA RECOILS AS FROM A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

SUBWAY ALBERT

Algeria or Africa? Has the Grande Albert ever been located in Africa? I don't know why I thought that...Is the estate of the Grande Albert located in Algeria then?

CUT TO THE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS IN THE HAGUE. JUDGE TWO, THE ACTUAL JUDGE, IS LOOKING AT A FOLDER OF LEGAL PAPERS. HER HAND IS BANDAGED. SHE SPEAKS AT FIRST TO HERSELF, THEN HITS AN INTERCOM BUTTON.

JUDGE TWO

I don't recall signing these papers...Who have I pardoned recently? Have I pardoned anyone? I don't recall having the authority to pardon anyone...

(laughing as she looks through the papers on her desk)

O yes...that dream about being handcuffed in the closet and seeing my mirror reflection speak on the phone to the security guard...perhaps this entire business was transacted in another dimension, an alternate world, eh?...
Etienne!...Etienne!

A BLUSHING YOUNG MAN IN A GRAY STRIPED BUSINESS SUIT AND ROUND SPECTACLES ENTERS WITH BOTH ARMS FULL OF LEGAL BRIEFS. HE LOOKS SPECULATIVELY AT THE JUDGE.

ETIENNE

Everything was OK at the hospital, your honor? They gave you back your clothes?

CUT BRIEFLY TO JUDGE ONE RUNNING ACROSS A COURTYARD IN THE OLDER SECTION OF THE HAGUE, DODGING INTO A NARROW STREET WITH LACE CHEMISE VISIBLE BENEATH HER OPEN ROBE. SEVERAL LADIES WITH PLAID PLASTIC WHEELED SHOPPING CARTS STARE AS SHE PASSES. NOTICING THEM, JUDGE ONE SPEAKS BRIEFLY IN DUTCH.

JUDGE ONE

(subtitled in English)

Excuse me. You will have to excuse me. The gas heater has exploded...I ran out of the house and forgot my keys...

LADY WITH CART

(screaming in Dutch)

Slut! Where do you think you are, eh? In Amsterdam,eh?

CUT TO ETIENNE PUTTING THE HUGE PILE OF FOLDERS ON THE DESK IN FRONT OF JUDGE TWO.

JUDGE TWO

The cleaner dropped off my clothes at the hospital? Is that what you're saying? Speak up, Etienne. Has the tailor made a mistake?

ETIENNE

No, I don't think so, your honor. Everything seems to fit on you perfectly well now. There's no problem, is there? Would you like tea? We have tea and chocolate or a biscuit...

JUDGE TWO

This is not a restaurant, Etienne.

ETIENNE

O...very well, then, your honor...just buzz if you need me...

ETIENNE RUSHES RED-FACED FROM THE ROOM AS THE JUDGE BEGINS TO SORT THROUGH THE FOLDERS.

JUDGE TWO

(hitting the buzzer and putting on a dictaphone headset)

Etienne!...are you back at your desk? Good. Open up the records on file RX9YMU1042XMQ1D58...OK...that's RX9YMU1042XMQ1D58...You don't have it recorded? That's not surprising. I don't remember signing...O?...you do have it but under real estate? What? Property claims? Damage claims? No. This's not a damage claim. It's an assault case. I see...Charges withdrawn: a personal injury case...This's very unusual. I don't remember reading this case before and yet I seem to have signed it...eh?... On that copy too? It says here that an Italian citizen had made a claim in Transylvania that persons from under the earth became invisible shortly after assaulting him, but this was reversed on grounds the Italian had actually stepped in front of a team of circus show horses...

ETIENNE

(interrupting eagerly)

Costumed for the circus as antelopes with fake horns...for a safari act...It was...ah...quite unusual...quite shocking...awhile before he could understand where he had fallen after the circus parade had left him alone in the road...I remember that case!...

JUDGE TWO

...Yes, but I don't think that's... ah...actually in our jurisdiction, Etienne and I certainly never would have signed

such a thing...but here it is: signed and stamped. A pardon!

(She laughs, speaking as to a child)

I don't think it should be necessary to pardon an invisible person... Do you, Etienne? Etienne? My clothes? Someone else was wearing my robes?

(She pulls aside her robe to glance at her conservative gray knit pants suit, for a moment remembering the Trigger Org stun gun.)

Was there some comment about my clothes in the newspapers? Or on the airport Euro-cable?

CUT TO JUDGE ONE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE LABORATORY IN THE TRANYLVANIAN ALPS. THE SIGNS READING: **“TAKE THE CAVE RAILWAY”** AND **“CLOSED BY SAFETY INSPECTORS 1945”** ARE NOW CRISS-CROSSED BY BRIGHT YELLOW POLICE SAFETY TAPES READING: **“POLICE INVESTIGATION. POSTED. NO TRESPASSING.”** JUDGE ONE LOOKS UP TOWARD A HIDDEN SECURITY CAMERA.

JUDGE ONE

Hello! Hello, have you forgotten me?
I've forgotten who I was
before...before...how shall I say this?
Dr. Maria duplicated the
Judge's...what's your...what's your
word? I've forgotten the code...

VOICE OF BARON BARON-BARONI

(from a speaker behind the cave
entrance)

“Semblance”...”Semblance”...Don't say “duplicate”. It is a “resemblance”...

JUDGE ONE

(looking down at her judicial robe
and lace underwear outfit)

O...a resemblance...? I'm a
resemblance of the Judge, but I...who
else can I be now that she's back in her
office?...I can't be anyone else now
because I've been re-tailored to be the
Judge...and she didn't die... I don't
know if you expected her to die ...but
this's...this is really very inconvenient,
Dr. Maria...if I only resemble the Judge,
who else can I be now?...Who was I
before?

QUICK FLASH CUT TO A CIRCUS RIDER IN A SPANGLED
HALF-MASK AND WHITE, BRASS-STUDED RODEO
OUTFIT, REINING IN A PINTO PONY IN A WESTERN
SADDLE. THE PONY TURNS ABRUPTLY.

CUT TO ELYSSA, STANDING BEWILDERED IN THE U.N.
PLAZA, HOLDING HER FUR COAT CLOSELY ABOUT
HER BODY. ELYSSA CHECKS HER WATCH. SHE SEEMS
TO BE WAITING FOR SOMEONE. A TAXI PASSES.

CUT TO JUDGE ONE CATCHING A CANVAS BAG
WHICH IS THROWN OUT OVER THE BARRICADES AT
THE CAVE ENTRANCE.

JUDGE ONE

I do not remember who I was before
this. I do remember I was
hypnotized...Do you hear me?...I
remember that I was hypnotized...
what's this?...clothes?

(She pulls a French gendarme's uniform out of the canvas bag,
and then a folder of instructions.)

Why don't you speak?... Is it too much
trouble to speak to me?...Are you afraid
you will be recorded?...O
there's...there's a police investigation...

(She reads a few pages in the folder.)

I see. There's a police investigation in
France but the Judge is not known in
France... You assume I have a motorcycle

license...if I...did I drive a motorcycle
before this?...riding something...

(She begins taking off her clothes and putting on the uniform,
glancing occasionally at the written instructions.)

JUDGE ONE

I have a feeling I was involved with
some sort of motorcycle thing...wasn't
I?... Otherwise, you wouldn't have
asked me about the motorcycle
license... but I...now that you've
hypnotized me, I may not be able to
drive if I... once drove...

FLASH CUT TO THE MASKED CIRCUS RIDER REINING
THE PINTO PONY INTO A REARING AUDIENCE SALUTE.

but I can't remember driving, only that
I've been assigned...if I..

(She rummages in the bag, finding a wallet.)

Money! Francs!...if it's...if the
motorcycle is provided, I will probably
be able to drive it...but I can't say I
remember right now... who I was when
I...actually owned a motorcycle...
which was not a police motorcycle...

CUT TO THE VENDOR STRUGGLING UP THE SUBWAY
STEPS WITH THE PORTABLE PROFESSIONAL CHAIR IN
A PARTLY OPEN BOX INSIDE THE WHEELED
LUGGAGE CART. HE EMERGES FROM THE SUBWAY
INTO THE ROCKEFELLER CENTER PLAZA. THE TWO
OFFICERS ON DUTY AT THE PLAZA ARE LOITERING
NEAR THE LARGE ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN. IT IS
3:30 IN THE MORNING.

VENDOR

(At first speaking in Portuguese,
and then in heavily-accented English.)

There is a sportswear convention....
Where is the sportswear convention?...

FIRST OFFICER

There's always a sportswear convention somewhere around here...

SECOND OFFICER

But that is usually during business hours, buddy. Just where do you think you're heading?

FIRST OFFICER

That the chair for the sportswear booth, or what?

SECOND OFFICER

You got a license, buddy...a license?

VENDOR

(in heavily accented English, fumbling for his wallet.)

License...o sure...yeah...I got the license...

FIRST OFFICER

That is not a vendor's license, buddy. Somebody sell you this license?

SECOND OFFICER

It's a...ah...something's wrong with the face on this...it's...it's not straight.

FIRST OFFICER

I know it's not straight but does he know it's not straight...?

SECOND OFFICER

No...I didn't mean: "not straight" as a license I meant "not straight" here in the layout...not set straight in the folder. Look at the eyes. There's something wrong with one of his eyes.

BOTH OF THE OFFICERS STARE AT THE LICENSE AS THE VENDOR BEGINS TO EDGE AWAY BEHIND THEM.

FIRST OFFICER

Nobody ever looks straight in a license photo...

SECOND OFFICER

No: it's the eyes...There is something wrong with his eyes here...

FIRST OFFICER, (laughing)
Like the eye in the Great Seal on the
savings bonds this morning?

CUT TO THE VENDOR IN PROFILE ESCAPING AROUND
THE CORNER OF THE CLOSED NEWSPAPER KIOSK
NEAR THE SUBWAY WHILE THE SECOND OFFICER IS
PULLING A DOLLAR BILL OUT OF HIS SHIRT POCKET.
THE VENDOR HAS FORGOTTEN THE LUGGAGE CART.

SECOND OFFICER
Not bonds. Bills. Counterfeit bills.

FIRST OFFICER
(with a dismissive gesture)
Get your eyes checked...O...Looks like
we lost the bugger...lost the bugger but
gained a lawn chair..

CUT TO THE STRAW FABRIC SHAMAN DRESSED IN
HER INTRICATELY-WOVEN SARI. AROUND THE
WAIST OF THIS SARI SHE NOW WEARS A BLACK
LEATHER MOYORCYCLE KIDNEY BELT DECORATED
WITH FLASHY SILVER STUDS AND SILVER HORSES
HEADS WITH RUBY AND STAR SAPPHIRE EYES. SHE IS
STANDING OUTSIDE A “**FAST CARGO: INSTANT
DELIVERY ANYWHERE 6 A M UNTIL MIDNIGHT**”
SIGN AND GLANCES IMPATIENTLY AT HER WATCH.

CUT TO THE FIRST OFFICER SITTING NEAR THE
SUBWAY ENTRANCE IN THE “PORTABLE
PROFESSIONAL CONDITIONING CHAIR” AS THE
SECOND OFFICER LOITERS ANGRILY NEARBY,
COMPARING THE VENDOR’S FAKE ID TO THE
DOLLAR BILL HE HAD SAVED IN HIS SHIRT POCKET.
ELYSSA GETS OUT OF A TAXI AND WALKS REGALLY
UP TO THE FIRST OFFICER.

ELYSSA
Undercover/Wear Trigger Org?

FIRST OFFICER

What?!

ELYSSA

Undercover/Wear Trigger Organization?

FIRST OFFICER

(remaining seated)

This's the police department, lady...if that's what you're asking.

ELYSSA

(to the Second Officer,
who has been watching intently)
I have to get the instructions, the next set of instructions. I think the Grande Albert may have broken into the electronic...

SHOWING HER THE DOLLAR BILL WITH A DRAMATIC FLOURISH, THE SECOND OFFICER PULLS A NOTEBOOK OUT OF HIS BACK POCKET.

SECOND OFFICER

Recognize this face, lady?

ELYSSA

o...it's...what's his name? "Alonzo...?"
You've...he was the President?...
or...will be President?...They're
arranging it so Alonzo is going to be
President?

THE FIRST OFFICER LEAPS TO HIS FEET IN JEALOUS AMAZEMENT AS THE SECOND OFFICER BEGINS TO TAKE NOTES.

SECOND OFFICER

All right, ma'am...this is actually the New York City police department, and I want you to tell us all about "Alonzo"...everything you know, ma'am...no matter how strange it may seem to you...

FIRST OFFICER

Alonzo!...So what if she thinks George Washington looks like "Alonzo"...

SECOND OFFICER

(flourishing the dollar bill)

This's not George Washington.

FIRST OFFICER

So...how do you know it's

“Alonzo”...?Who is this “Alonzo”? Some clown she imagines from the Internet? Is that it? This babe is on the Internet in some expensive hotel until five in the morning when she goes bananas, takes a taxi to Rockefeller center and finds you, a police officer with a piece of money you imagine to be counterfeit, just standing beside the subway, ripe for the nut house, and waiting to go off duty...

SECOND OFFICER

(by way of explanation to Elyssa)

We go off duty in fifteen minutes.

ELYSSA

You have a check for me from Switzerland?

FIRST OFFICER

You know this cop already. Is that it?

AS THE FIRST OFFICER THROWS HIMSELF BACK INTO THE “PORTABLE PROFESSIONAL CHAIR”, CUT TO A FRONT TRAVELING VIEW OF A MOTORCYCLE CLUB ACCELERATING FULL SPEED DOWN A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN THE TRANSYLVANNIAN ALPS, DRESSED ENTIRELY IN WHITE, FRINGED BUCKSKIN “COWBOY” OUTFITS WITH HALF MASKS OVER THE EYES AND DECORATED IN GLITTERING EMERALD AND JADE COBRA AND DRAGON DESIGNS ON GOLD EMBOSSED BELTS & HARNESES. THEY ARE LED BY JUDGE ONE ON A RESPLENDENT GREEN & GOLD MOTORCYCLE. A MALE NEWS ANNOUNCER’S VOICE, SPEAKING IN RUSSIAN AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH BEGINS SPEAKING JUST A FEW SECONDS AFTER THE FIRST VIEW OF THIS GROUP.

NEWS VOICE

The motorcycle club, led by a female
French gendarme who has by accident

found papers in a courier's pouch which link the governments of France, Belgium, and the Netherlands to a secret Oriental pact made with extraterrestrials who are impersonating human beings, was last seen heading toward Northern Italy from a location in Transylvania...

AS THE NEWS VOICE CONTINUES, CUT TO THE SAME IMAGE ON A LARGE VIEWING SCREEN IN THE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY OF BARON BARON-BARONI.

NEWS VOICE

According to reports of one witness, a tourist from Rome who was briefly held hostage by this group, the declared objective of the Transylvanian Gang, led by a person of uncertain age and gender who recently fled the Netherlands after impersonating a female Judge at the International Court in The Hague, and is now going by the name "White Cobra", seems to be the overthrow of the government of Italy and motorcade entrance into the Palace of the Vatican...

CUT TO A NEWS CLIP OF THE ORIGINAL ALONZO, GRIM AND BATTERED, STANDING IN FRONT OF A **LE MONDE TV** NEWS VAN BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATED BY FLOODLIGHTS.

THE NEWS VOICE, NOW A HUSKY FEMALE VOICEOVER SPEAKING FRENCH, IS SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

NEWS VOICE

Mr. Alonzo da Zaboomski, lately of Venice, Italy, is lucky to have escaped from the Transylvanian Alps with his life. According to Mister Da Zaboomski, he was taken prisoner by the Wh...

CUT TO BARON BARONI AND DR. MARIA-MARIA SITTING IN LOUNGE CHAIRS BESIDE THE EMPTY CONFERENCE TABLE, LISTENING TO THE LE MONDE TV NEWS BROADCAST. THE BARON RISES AND SWITCHES OFF THE SCREEN ABRUPTLY WITH A REMOTE CONTROL WHICH HE THEN THROWS ACROSS THE ROOM.

BARON BARON-BARONI

“White Cobra!”!!! So, this is the first or the second Alonzo da Zaboomski?

DR. OLIVE MARIA-MARIA

I’m not sure. The film clip went by so rapidly, I...

BARON BARON-BARONI

There are more than two of them?

DR. OLIVE MARIA-MARIA

No. But they should both be in the United States. I don’t know how he got to Europe .It was not a...ah...a complete transformation, just the hypnosis. But this “White Cobra”. That’s completely out of frame. It’s not according to the Master Plan For Benefiting Mankind we had developed here in the laboratory, Baron Baroni. It is the semblance of Hansel Hamlinstein-Smith and, of course, Greta Hamlinstein-Smith...that is to say: our own Doctors Zebra-Zebra and Pom-Pom---who were traveling to India and Egypt as “White Cobra” tourist representatives. This motorcycle plan was simply to place a gendarme courier in Paris...

BARON BARON-BARONI

According to Agnes at the United Nations, the “Portable Professional Conditioning Chair” was never delivered

to her offices in New York. So, why do you think that happened, Dr. Maria-Maria?

DR. OLIVE MARIA-MARIA

These things are delicate. It may be that Agnes herself...,

BARON BARON-BARONI

(interrupting)

Elyssa made the connection with Agnes. That I do know from a cell phone message. Unfortunately, the entire message...

DR. OLIVE MARIA-MARIA

(interrupting)

Was interrupted by the Grande Albert with some crazy impersonations of Albert Einstein... Yes: we know all about that interference. Where is Elyssa now? She should be on her way to Zurich...

BARON BARON-BARONI

(shrugging his shoulders)

She may have vanished. Sometimes they do vanish if they don't pick up the money on time since we absolutely can't guarantee any pay phone connections...

DR. OLIVE MARIA-MARIA

Agnes was to have received the book of instructions and the "Portable Professional Conditioning Chair." Unless we can work with that chair to condition the secretaries and security guards, there is no possibility of putting the U.N. on the Undercover Gameboard...

BARON BARON-BARONI

Correction: The U.N. is already on the
Undercover/Wear Gameboard...

THE BARON SLAMS HIS HAND DOWN ON A SWITCH
EMBEDDED IN THE CONFERENCE TABLE AND THE
UNDERCOVER/WEAR TRIGGER ORGANIZATION
GAMEBOARD SLIDE IS PROJECTED ONTO THE
LOWERING FILM SCREEN. IT IS A WORLD MAP WITH
ALL AREAS LABELED **U/WTO** . THESE LABELS ARE
CONNECTED BY A BEWILDERING MAZE OF
BRIGHTLY-COLORED ARROWS AND DASHED LINES.

DR. OLIVE MARIA-MARIA
(with curt compliance)

As a simulation. Of course, a mere
simulation of our actual destiny
patterns...

CUT TO THE FIRST OFFICER ENTERING AGNES'
OFFICE IN THE UNITED NATIONS. HE CARRIES THE
"PORTABLE PROFESSIONAL CHAIR" TAPED INSIDE
THE REMAINS OF THE ORIGINAL PACKING BOX. HIS
UNIFORM JACKET IS TIGHTLY BUTTONED AND HE
WALKS WITH A STIFF, FORMAL POSTURE.

FIRST OFFICER

Officer Friedman here, Miss Clarke.
Officer Westcott and I should have
looked more closely at this label. We
thought it was just junk from the street
until the station got the complaint from
your courier on the missing package...

AGNES

(accepting the package and signing the receipt)
No problem, Officer.

FIRST OFFICER

Say, Miss: what is this stuff anyway? It's got some sort of radio at the top of the headrest there.

AGNES

(nervously checking the chair)

A...ah...corporate relaxation chair. That's a computer not a speaker but the...ah...built in computer does have a small speaker which is actually larger than the computer itself. Did it say anything to you?

FIRST OFFICER

No...I...just some static. No problem. I actually sat in it for a couple of hours before I went off duty. I hope that's all right with you. We didn't know it was from the United Nations...

AGNES

O, that's all right. It doesn't matter. You wouldn't actually hear anything anyway...

THE PHONE ON THE DESK RINGS, AND AGNES RUNS TO ANSWER IT, SPEAKING OVER HER SHOULDER TO THE OFFICER AS SHE CROSSES THE ROOM.

Excuse me...It's all subliminal. ..

AGNES ANSWERS THE PHONE WITH FORMALITY, TURNING HER BACK TO THE OFFICER.

United Nations Security...Yes, Nigel...What's that? Somebody's got a beeper on this line every ten seconds...You say your cargo manager was waiting at the customs exit with a sign in English but there was no delivery? Does he speak Dutch? I think the airline was Dutch...There was no delivery in any language...Is that what you mean? I can't hear you. No. I can't turn on the speaker phone right now

because I have a visitor here from the
police department...

FIRST OFFICER

I hope this's not anything related to the
delivery of the...ah...corporate chair
here...but no: relax...What's the
matter?...Dutch delivery?

HE SITS DOWN IN AN OFFICE CHAIR, UNBUTTONING
HIS JACKET TO REVEAL HE IS WEARING WHITE
JOCKEY SHORTS OVER HIS UNIFORM TROUSERS.

Everywhere is home.

NOTICING THE JOCKEY SHORTS, THE OFFICER
BEGINS TO QUICKLY REBUTTON HIS JACKET.

O...I don't know why I'm...maybe the laundry..

JUST AS AGNES TURNS AROUND WITH THE PHONE
STILL PRESSED BETWEEN HER CHIN AND SHOULDER.

AGNES

What? ...Trigger Org? Undercover/Wear
Trigger Org?

FIRST OFFICER

(bowing deeply and speaking
with a Hungarian accent)

Your humble servant, Madame. Brioche?
Or whatever the Baron Baron-Baroni..O
yes: I see...well, then...later, Madame..

AGNES

(speaking into the phone)

Nigel, I think I've got a zombie operative
here and I don't know exactly what to
tell him...OK...I'll try that...

CUT TO NIGEL SLAMMING DOWN THE PHONE ON THE
DESK OF THE MAJESTIC. COM SPORTSWEAR AND
BANKING ORGANIZATION IN NIGERIA.

CUT TO THE POLKA DOT SHAMAN DRESSED IN A SPORTY BLACK LEATHER SHORTS AND WESKET SET, AS HE IS STEPPING IN THROUGH THE MAJESTIC.COM PLATE GLASS WINDOW, HOLDING OUT AN ORNATE SILVER RING. THE WESKET IS DECORATED WITH LARGE SILVER HORSES' HEADS SET WITH RUBY AND STAR SAPPHIRE EYES.

POLKA-DOTTED SHAMAN

Me figure your highness aware now of the cobra motorcycle here on the airport news from Polski...No?...some cargo, eh?

CUT TO THE SECOND OFFICER IN A PEACH-COLORED SPORT SHIRT AND BEIGE SLACKS, HOLDING ELYSSA BY THE HAND AND LEADING HER INTO THE LOBBY OF A RUN DOWN BROWNSTONE BUILDING. A SIGN BESIDE THE BELL REGISTER IN THE LOBBY READS **HYPNOSIS AND CRISIS COUNSELING: REV. BETTY JENNINE ARMSTRONG.**

SECOND OFFICER

Now, lady, this's going to seem weird to you but I suspect they're doing a parody of George Washington on the money and savings bonds...

ELYSSA

(as the Officer keeps pushing the doorbell at intervals and waiting for an answer)

O no! This's serious! It's the Undercover/Wear Trigger Organization! Advanced psychologists from the Best Families of Europe who feel that the United Nations is not being run efficiently. They want to take it over and get the world working together more smoothly...That's all that they're up to actually. That's all they want to do: To order the world for us...for our own good. I thought it would be fun to try out

this job for a change....I used to work in catering.

SECOND OFFICER

Yeah.. I doubt it was catering. Weren't you with an escort service?

ELYSSA

O...an escort service?... no: I was married. I went everywhere with my husband.

SECOND OFFICER

(continuing doggedly to ring the doorbell)

Divorce can be difficult.

ELYSSA

It's not that: he's dead.

SECOND OFFICER

(taking a notebook out of his back pocket)

Where? Murdered? By the hypnosis club?

LOUD FEMALE VOICE

(from the intercom)

Stop ringing that bell! Will you stop ringing that bell!?!

SECOND OFFICER

O...sorry...I...

LOUD FEMALE VOICE

If you're looking for Reverend Betty, she's not here any more! Relatives came up and got her stuff...

CUT TO A LARGE WOMAN IN A GOLD PLASTIC DIADEM INLAID WITH REAL ONYX TETRAHEDRONS WHO IS RUSHING HEAVILY DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS.. SHE IS PULLING ON A LONG MIDNIGHT BLUE CEREMONIAL ROBE COVERED WITH GOLD & SILVER ARROWS, BABY CUPIDS, REARING CENTAURS AND MOON SIGNS OVER A CONSERVATIVE, CALF-LENGTH BLACK OFFICE DRESS.

SUDDENLY CLOSE UP, IT IS FAT ALBERTA, WEARING HER OUTDOOR CIRCUS CLOTHES.

FAT ALBERTA

You folks wouldn't be interested in a studio apartment, would you?

SECOND OFFICER

No I...we were looking for Reverend Betty...so I...

ELYSSA

Just a moment, Officer. I might look at that apartment...if my check comes through from Zurich...

FAT ALBERTA

(drawing her robe closely around her stomach suspiciously)

So...Zurich? You are both from Zurich or just one of you is from Zurich?

ELYSSA

I am from Amsterdam originally.

FAT ALBERTA

I was afraid that might be so.

SECOND OFFICER

Unfortunate experiences with Amsterdam here, eh? Reverend Betty is missing in Amsterdam?

FAT ALBERTA

Get out of this lobby and stand in the street! Stand on the steps if you want, but get outside of this door...OK?

Outside of this door...

FAT ALBERTA FORCES THEM OUT OF THE DOOR AND SLAMS IT SHUT, PRESSING HER BACK AGAINST THE DOOR AND RIPPING OFF HER DIADEM.

FAT ALBERTA

(pulling a cell phone from her dress pocket)

Trigger Org....

(dialing a number)

Grande Albert...alert...Grande Albert...the Undercover/Wear Trigger Org...they have found the New York

address and may be on the way to
Zurich...

CUT TO “WHITE COBRA”, FORMERLY JUDGE ONE,
PARKED WITH HER MOTORCYCLE GANG AT A SMALL
PETROL STATION IN THE TRANSYLVANIA ALPS.
A GIRL OF TWELVE WEARING A GINGHAM CHEMISE
TOP AND LOOSE WHITE LACE CAPRI PANTS HAS
WANDERED OVER TO THE PARKED MOTORCYCLES
AND IS LOOKING AT THE SERPENT DESIGNS PAINTED
ON THE FRONT FENDERS AND MUD GUARDS. HER
BROTHER, A BOY OF SIX WEARING BLUE JEANS AND
A STRIPED POLO SHIRT, HANGS BEHIND, LOOKING
NERVOUSLY AT THE GANG MEMBERS COMING OUT
OF THE PETROL STATION WITH BEER AND
SAUSAGES.

WHITE COBRA

You like those pictures? You like to
have a bike with those pictures? Your
Papa won't buy that bike for you?... I
might buy that bike for you, sweetheart,
if you like to come with us now to see
the Pope...It's OK if I buy that bike for
you...?

A RIPPLE OF LAUGHTER RUNS THROUGH
THE BEER DRINKING GANG AS THE GIRL
HESITATES.

My name is “White Cobra”.

We know that. We saw you before. My
Dad gets the world news on his
computer.

GIRL

We have a computer in the Mercedes
but we don't have any serpents...

BOY

You guys really going to take the
Egyptian swords away from the Pope?

CUT TO FAT ALBERTA LAYING OUT AN ARRANGEMENT
OF DAGGERS AND SWORDS ON THE FLOOR IN A DESIGN

SHE IS COPYING FROM ONE OF THE THREE LARGE VOLUMES ON THE TABLE IN THE SMALL NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE GRANDE ALBERT. FINALLY, SHE PULLS A SLIM DAGGER OR ROSE QUARTZ FROM ONE OF THE VOLUMES WHERE IT HAS SERVED AS A BOOKMARK AND HOLDS IT UP TO THE LIGHT.

FAT ALBERTA

(chanting as an invocation)

So, this's to see

in the blade of quartz

Who speaks to the Grande Albert

Using Einstein's voice...

THERE IS A BUZZING OF STATIC, A SPARK FROM THE QUARTZ BLADE, AND EINSTEIN'S VOICE BEGINS TO BROADCAST SIMULTANEOUSLY FROM MIDAIR AND FAT ALBERTA'S CELL PHONE.

EINSTEIN'S VOICE

(as Fat Alberta fumbles in her dress pocket for the cell phone)

He who speaks in Einstein's voice

Proves to be Einstein himself...

A LOUD BEEPING FROM THE DOOR LOCK INTERRUPTS THIS TRANSMISSION AND ALONZO FALLS FURIOUSLY INTO THE ROOM AS THE LOCK RELEASES, CLUTCHING THE DOORKNOB AND BRANDISHING HIS CELL PHONE, WHICH IS REPEATING EINSTEIN'S TRANSMISSION, PUNCTUATED BY STATIC.

ALONZO

(speaking English with a heavy Italian accent as the phones are suddenly silent)

O...so...the Trigger Org, is it?...

Located right in Betty's building, aren't you? Bastards!

FAT ALBERTA, primly

These are the International Offices of the Grande Albert Organization. Reverend

Betty no longer lives in this building. We have no connection with Reverend Betty and we do not endorse her use of hypnosis.

ALONZO

I know she no longer lives in this building! I killed her a couple of weeks ago...before I went to Europe...

THE FOLLOWING INTENSE CONFRONTATION IS FILMED CLOSE UP AT VARIOUS EXTREME ANGLES IN THE SMALL OFFICE.

FAT ALBERTA

You believe you killed her personally but actually you heard it on the news.

ALONZO

It was not on the news. I have been on the news. The White Cobra motorcycle gang has been on the news in Europe. But Betty has not been on the news...

FAT ALBERTA, coldly

That's what you think. Evidently, you only listen to the news in Europe. There is also city news in the United States.

ALONZO

It was a quiet death by strangulation, like many such quiet deaths by hypnosis all over the world...There was nothing fancy to display, as in the astral bull ring...the ribboned darts of the astral bull ring...

FAT ALBERTA

Is that a threat? You are not actually a member of the Grande Albert are you? Or you would not accuse us of hypnosis. How did you get ahold of this door code?

ALONZO

Ha!...I traced the alleged Albert Einstein cell phone signal to a registry at this

address, also connected with an address in Paris through some electronic means which we have yet to exactly fathom, Fat Woman...and from that place to a relay leading directly to the Grande Albert Estate in Algeria...

FAT ALBERTA

How do you even know of the Einstein communications?

ALONZO

I ran into an American idiot from your group in Paris.

FAT ALBERTA

O yes. The Albert from the subway.

ALONZO

Yes! It was, actually, a co-incidence. But he had seen someone in the subway in New York, going by my name and carrying cargo in a luggage cart from Kennedy airport...

FAT ALBERTA

I know that airport story. I know all about it. But I do not see where your name comes into this, actually...The Albert from the subway did not mention any names at all when he came here, except of course the Grande Albert and Albert Einstein...There is no need to mention a name in this organization when everyone has the same name exactly...

ALONZO

Alberta! That is your name, eh?

FAT ALBERTA

Yes.

ALONZO

He had seen me on the news and then again on the subway...

FAT ALBERTA

It was not you that he saw on the subway.

ALONZO

Yes! Exactly. It was someone using my name, the same name he noticed on the luggage label in the New York subway...But on the Paris subway, it was myself he noticed...and recognized me from the news.

FAT ALBERTA

So...he gave you the door code?

ALONZO

No!...I traced the door code, with the help of course of the telephone company, after he had mentioned to me the Albert Einstein transmissions which were, actually, also happening on his cell phone in the Paris subway...

FAT ALBERTA

That Albert may be dropped from this Organization.

CUT TO THE POLKA DOT SHAMAN IN KAIKI EXPLORER SHORTS AND MATCHING JACKET WITH WHITE SPORT SHIRT WORN OPEN TO SHOW THE WHITE POLKA DOTS OF PAINT AND VARIOUS OTHER TATTOOS ON HIS CHEST. HE IS STANDING AT THE TOP OF A RUINED PYRAMID IN THE JUNGLE, LOOKING OUT OVER THE LANDSCAPE WITH BINOCULARS.

CUT TO A CLOSE UP VIEW THROUGH THE DOUBLE SCOOP OF THE BINOCULARS. BARON BARON-BARONI AND DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA, DRESSED ALSO FOR SAFARI, ARE BEING PULLED ALONG A NARROW TRAIL IN THE

JUNGLE BY A BICYCLE RICKSHA DRIVER IN A KAIKI UNIFORM AND PITH HELMET WEARING A BLACK LEATHER MOTORCYCLE KIDNEY BELT DECORATED WITH EMBOSSED HORSES' HEADS.

THIS DRIVER IS THE STRAW SHAMAN, DISGUISED. SHE WEARS A LENGTH OF HER BEIGE OPENWORK SARI AS AN ASCOT AND MOSQUITO VEIL UNDER THE PITH HELMET.

HER LARGE, ONYX-BLACK WRAPAROUND SUNGLASSES REFLECT THE JUNGLE AS SHE PASSES.

BARON BARON-BARONI

Driver! I believe the air conditioning has gone out in the ricksha!

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

No! We're just moving more slowly.

There's no air conditioning here, Baron.

It's just the wind.

BARON BARON-BARONI

O...yes...I see. Well, move along there more swiftly driver.

WITH A CURT NOD, THE STRAW SHAMAN BEGINS TO PEDAL MORE SWIFTLY, NOT LOOKING BACK AT THE PASSENGERS DIRECTLY.

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

The trail is too narrow here, Baron.

BARON BARON-BARONI

Then widen the trail! We must widen the trail! Stop the ricksha and widen the trail!

WITHOUT LOOKING BACK, THE DRIVER BEGINS TO PEDAL MORE SLOWLY, GRADUALLY BRINGING THE RICKSHA TO A STOP AS THE PASSENGERS ARGUE.

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

If the driver stops here, Baron, there will be no wind at all.

BARON BARON-BARONI

Are you an agent for the Grande Albert then, Dr. Maria?

DR. OLIVE (MARIA) MARIA-MARIA

O...no...I...

BARON BARON-BARONI

Then why do you put up these
obstructions? Stop the ricksha!

CUT TO A THUNDERSTORM AT THE GATE OF THE
GRANDE ALBERT ESTATE IN ALGERIA. A FLASH OF
LIGHTNING ILLUMINES THE BRASS PLAQUE READING
GRANDE ALBERT WHICH IS SET AT THE TOP OF
LARGE, LOCKED WROUGHT IRON GATES. THE
PHANTOM OF ALBERT EINSTEIN IS SEEN BRIEFLY AS
THERE IS ANOTHER FLASH OF THUNDER AND
LIGHTNING.

EINSTEIN APPEARS DISORIENTED AND IS PRESSING
THE BUTTONS ON A SMALL, PHANTOM ELECTRONIC
DEVICE, BUT THE GATES DO NOT OPEN.

CUT TO THE VENDOR RUNNING IN OUT OF THE RAIN
INTO AN ALLEY IN NEW YORK. UNDERNEATH THE
OVERHANGING FIRE ESCAPE, HE ENCOUNTERS THE
FIRST OFFICER, PRESSED AGAINST THE WALL TO GET
OUT OF THE RAIN AND STILL WEARING WHITE
JOCKEY BRIEFS OVER HIS UNIFORM TROUSERS.

VENDOR

(speaking in Portuguese
subtitled in English)

You have found the sportswear convention?

THE OFFICER IS SILENT, STARING AT THE RAIN AND
NOT REGISTERING A REACTION.

VENDOR

(in heavily-accented English)

The sportswear convention. Did you
deliver it to the sportswear convention?
My box. My box with the chair in the
luggage cart...

THE OFFICER REMAINS SILENT, STARING AT THE RAIN.

VENDOR

Do you have the receipt for the box?

OFFICER

(speaking with a thick Hungarian accent)

Officers of the Imperial Army must be specially chosen by the Czar.

VENDOR

What?...You?

OFFICER

(speaking with a thick Hungarian accent)

Obviously, you have not been chosen by the Czar and so I continue to await our messenger from Holland with the Czar's new, specially-signed certificate...

VENDOR

(in heavily-accented English)

Certificate? The receipt! You are waiting for the receipt?

OFFICER

Yeah.

AS THE OFFICER NODS, THE VENDOR STANDS BESIDE HIM WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL. BOTH LOOK OUT AT THE RAIN.

VENDOR

(in Portuguese subtitled in English)

So, OK, guy: I'll wait here with you. I can't get the return ticket until I fax the delivery receipt to the lab in the tunnel...

THE OFFICER IS SILENT, STARING AT THE RAIN.

VENDOR

(in heavily-accented English)

The delivery receipt to the lab in the tunnel. But it's all right if I wait here with you.

OFFICER

(speaking with a thick Hungarian accent)

Yeah. OK. Sure. I wasn't always in the guard. I was...seem to remember he had the faces of George Washington on the

bills confused with some flasher he picked up at the United Nations...

VENDOR

(in Portuguese-accented English)

Is that so?

OFFICER

(taking a bright pink banknote out of his shirt pocket)

Nobody here will change my rubles. Isn't it strange that in all of Transylvania there is no currency exchange for rubles?

VENDOR

(in Portuguese-accented English)

I'd say so if this was actually Transylvania.

A BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHTNING ILLUMINES SHADOWS OF THE WROUGHT IRON FIRE ESCAPE. THE DISORIENTED FACE OF EINSTEIN IS SEEN FOR A MOMENT NEAR THE WROUGHT IRON GATES IN ALGERIA, VAINLY PUSHING BUTTONS ON HIS PHANTOM ELECTRONIC DEVICE.

CUT TO THE SUBWAY ALBERT AND THE YOUNG ALBERTA, STRUGGLING TOWARD THE GATES WITH UMBRELLAS, HAVING JUST BEEN DROPPED OFF AT THE END OF THE LANE BY A 1955-STYLE BRITISH TAXICAB.

YOUNG ALBERTA CARRIES ONE OF THE HUGE GRANDE ALBERT LEDGERS PRESSED AGAINST HER CHEST AND DRAPED IN WATERPROOF WRAPPING.

YOUNG ALBERTA

(speaking in subtitled French and pointing at the gates)

Did you see him? The old man?

SUBWAY ALBERT, (in English)

What?...O...The gates? I think we better go forward here. Something may be behind that wall...

CUT TO THE DISTANT VIEW OF A BLACK HELICOPTER ILLUMINED BRIEFLY BY A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

CUT TO THE SECOND OFFICER AND ELYSSA SITTING AT A SMALL TABLE IN AN AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP IN AMSTERDAM. A BEIGE HELICOPTER IS HOVERING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW WALL BESIDE THEIR TABLE. THEY DO NOT NOTICE THIS AIRCRAFT.

SECOND OFFICER

The question I continue to ask myself is why—if the effort is to benefit humanity by controlling global commerce and politics—do they focus on the graphic details of the counterfeit money?

ELYSSA

No! It is you. You focus on those details. Those seals and initials and the color of the ink, and so on. It's all part of a larger plan, trivial details of a larger plan.

SECOND OFFICER

Is something wrong?

ELYSSA

No...it's just that I saw the cake over there on the counter and I thought I'd like a piece of cake. Can you afford to buy me an almond pastry?

SECOND OFFICER, (firmly)

I told you before we sat down at this table that my limit was one coffee and one pastry. We have only forty-eight hours in Transylvania. No more and no less. Either Reverend Betty is in this underground hideout you describe or she is not there.

ELYSSA

Once we land in Zurich, I can just run into my bank branch and check my account for the electronic transfer or call ahead to the Trigger Org for my check. It

was really so good of you, Officer, to pay my air fare.

SECOND OFFICER

Well, sometimes it's best just to blast our way through circumstances, Elyssa...

CUT TO THE CONCERNED FACIAL EXPRESSION OF THE BRIGHTLY-COSTUMED HIPPIE WOMAN WHO IS STANDING NEAR THE WINDOW, LOOKING OUT AT THE HELICOPTER AND OVERHEARING THE CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE.

SECOND OFFICER

For a long time, I have suspected that another race of people, another class of beings, is tampering with international commerce and the United Nations...

HIPPIE WOMAN

(suddenly interrupting)

That's what the "White Cobra" says...!

SECOND OFFICER

(pushing her away from the table)

Get lost, sweetheart, I'm not talking race riots. I am talking civilized interference...

(speaking confidentially to Elyssa)

Not just the Undercover/Wear Trigger Org you mention...but...while we're on this subject, "Undercover Trigger Org": that's ridiculous!

ELYSSA

I know what you mean. I thought that at first. But I...they really do have the underground installation where I was...where I was "prepared" professionally, in the Transylvanian Alps, and accounts all over Europe, real bank accounts...

HIPPIE WOMAN

(coming around to the other side of the table, safely back of Elyssa)

Excuse me: is this your husband?

ELYSSA

No, dear...he's...

HIPPIE WOMAN

Ok, guy...So you're not married to her?... OK...So maybe you don't know everything... OK?

SECOND OFFICER

(leaping to his feet)

No, this's not OK...!

HIPPIE WOMAN

(darting in back of Elyssa to keep the table between herself and the Officer)

So, just let me put this to you briefly. The White Cobra thinks they have the actual records on the extraterrestrials you were mentioning hidden somewhere in the catacombs at the Vatican...

SECOND OFFICER

Settle down and let me get this straight. You say it's some "White Cobra"...?

HIPPIE WOMAN

So...OK...That's just it...OK... You don't know about the White Cobra, that is your problem...

A LOUDSPEAKER BEGINS MAKING AN AIRCRAFT DEPARTURE ANNOUNCEMENT IN DUTCH.

HIPPIE WOMAN

(rushing away with a glance over her shoulder at the beige helicopter, which is still hovering outside the window wall)

I've got to go!...That's my flight!

CUT TO THE POLKA DOT SHAMAN WATCHING THE JUNGLE THROUGH BINOCULARS FROM ATOP THE RUINED PYRAMID. HE TAKES A CELL PHONE FROM HIS POCKET AND DIALS.

POLKA-DOTTED SHAMAN

This be Majestic Dot Com?...
OK...This be Nigel Ur Laga
Laga?...OK...Nobody there. Don't
pick up the phone...OK? I will be
leaving some message here by
you...This be the Cargo Manager at the
Ziggurat. Some Sportswear People
stalled with ricksha on the Invisible
Trail...No cause for it...Don't have
much hope for any shipment expected
right now. Shipment expected here at
the Ziggurat or in the future somewhere
else?...Girl from the U.N. they got here
as the driver...OK?... What to do here
now?... I got it in my pocket. Just call
me...

CUT TO THE SKY OVER THE ZIGURAT WHERE A
SMALL BLACK HELICOPTER IS SEEN IN THE
DISTANCE BEHIND THE POLKA DOT SHAMAN.

CUT TO THE COCKPIT OF THE HELICOPTER WHERE
THIN ALBERT SITS IN THE PASSENGER SEAT BESIDE
A PILOT WITH AN AUBURN MUSTACHE AND PLAID
HUNTER'S CAP, WEARING AN ORANGE RESCUE
PARKA.

CUT TO BRASS LETTERS ON THE SIDE OF THE
HELICOPTER READING “**FLYING ROCKS OF EIRE**”
AS THE PILOT IS HEARD SPEAKING.

PILOT

(with a Canadian accent)

I say, this's eccentric but there do seem
to be people down there, eh? Or at least
that seems to be a bicycle of some sort
down there...Shall we go after the
bicycle, eh?

THIN ALBERT

Yes, yes...can't see it so clearly from here...

PILOT

(bringing the copter abruptly down toward the jungle)

How'd you find out about us, sonny? Can't say we're in the International Yellow Pages...hold on there!...sharp turn around the mango bush...! Or shrubs!... Whatever in the hell they are here...

THIN ALBERT

Ahhh...through a branch of the Grande Albert Organization ...one of our most valued members also has a membership in the...ah... your New Druidical Services Co-Operative ...you...

PILOT

(suddenly swooping low)

O...ya don't say?...Is he? owns a big dog does he too? Cross between a Labrador and an Alaskan Huskie?

THIN ALBERT

No...I...ah...I've never met that particular Albert. We were in touch by email.

THE HELICOPTER ZIGS AND ZAGS ABRUPTLY AS THIN ALBERT CLINGS TO THE SIDES OF HIS SEAT, LOOKING STOICLY OUT THE FRONT WINDOW.

THIN ALBERT

(seen through the side window of the copter, chatting compulsively as the Pilot executes daredevil maneuvers in order to get down into the jungle)

But of course any size of dog could have been sitting right beside him when he gave me the contact number of your Druidical Organization... At the Grande

Albert, we have small offices everywhere because we never meet personally anywhere. However, members are free to visit the office at any time, as long as we've been issued a door code...

PILOT

I say!...Don't like that "door code" thing, Sonny. Got to touch base and touch base solid. Here...now, look out your side window. We ought to be about sixty feet above that ricksha... What do you see now? What do you want me to do with it, eh?

THIN ALBERT

I...ah...I'm not familiar with that couple in the ricksha...

PILOT

(suddenly accelerating upward and then flipping upside down for a split second)

O...so, I...OK...Up we go there, Buddy...Got to flip it to get the vines off before we can hit the exit...You want the news from that copter we sent out to Algeria? To that estate in Algeria...? Say, you OK, buddy?

THIN ALBERT

O, yes: I'm fine. Hanging upside down doesn't bother me, Mr. MacKensie, as long as it's a temporary experience...but I... ah... one of the Alberts had said there was a "project" here of some sort...

PILOT

(staring abruptly out the side window to get his bearings)

Who?...The guy with the dog?

THIN ALBERT

No...it's...ah...unless it's some archeologists at the ziggurat down there. I...ah...we think the information might have been one of the Albert Einstein transmissions. It was hard for us to hear the exact voice because of the static.

PILOT

(fumbling under his seat for the map)

Then how did you get me to this exact location, sonny? Wasn't there some sort of map with co-ordinates marked?

THIN ALBERT

Everything on the map was approximate, actually...very approximate...

PILOT

There is some sort of ruined city down there...ha!...some guy!...Look over there, Al...off to your left there!... Some guy is down there on the front of it, walking down the steps of the ziggurat...

CUT TO THE DISTANT FIGURE OF THE POLKA DOTTED SHAMAN WALKING CASUALLY DOWN THE HUGE FLIGHT OF STEPS AT THE FRONT OF THE RUINED PYRAMID.

PILOT

Want me to zoom him, eh? We can get in a little closer..

CUT TO A SIDE VIEW OF THIN ALBERT AVERTING HIS FACE FROM THE ZIGURRAT.

THIN ALBERT

No!.. I have no interest in archeology, actually...We're out here looking for a little something more modern...although,

for some reason, that person looks familiar...

PILOT

I say!... Running around in these old tombs sniffing glue and whatnot...are they?

THIN ALBERT

I'd... ah...Mr. MacKensie, are you able to contact your pilot in Algeria?

PILOT

(fumbling under his seat for a cell phone)

O...yeah...sorry... forgot that, didn't I?... Sorry...

(activating the cell phone)

Thought you were going to faint there for a minute just before we got to that "ziggurat"...

THIN ALBERT

No!...I was not going to faint. I was hanging upside down, man...

PILOT

Bodily functions reverse upside down, eh?..

THIN ALBERT

(as the Pilot's phone buzzes with static)

We were both upside down...the mental functions of the average...

PILOT

Alexandria, is that you?...I believe I've got hold of them at your estate there... Alexandria?...

THIN ALBERT

No!...no, not the estate in Egypt...Algeria...the estate in Algeria...

PILOT

Alexandria is the name of our relief pilot from Tunis...At the estate now, are you, Alex...

FEMALE PHONE VOICE

Roger, MacKensie... We're here at the estate in the banquet facilities and the storm has gone over the mountains...so...who is requesting this information and what exactly do they want here?

THIN ALBERT
(grabbing the cell phone)

It is...a...ah...may I?

PILOT
(suddenly zooming the copter upward)

Somebody better talk on it, buddy...I don't like to refuel in Lagos but it looks like that's where we're headed...short cut out to the Atlantic, ya know...

THIN ALBERT
Alexandria?
FEMALE PHONE VOICE

(through static)
Roger... who's this? Not the same, is it?

THIN ALBERT
No...this's Albert. I'm the Albert who hired the New Druidical Organization...so, now: where are you, Alexandria?

FEMALE PHONE VOICE
Inside the estate...I'm in some sort of banquet hall inside the estate...

THIN ALBERT
The Grande Albert!...that's good...that's it exactly...I have a right to know what you see there...what's in that banquet hall...because I am actually an official, initiated member of the Grande Albert organization...Is the registrar there? There should be a registrar at the Grande Albert estate with all of our names in a book...

CUT TO ALEXANDRIA, ALONE IN A LARGE, GOTHIC BANQUET HALL WITH FADED BANNERS ON THE WALLS.

SHE IS DRESSED IN KAIKI CAMOUFLAGE FATIGUES AND WEARS HER LONG BLONDE HAIR TIED BACK IN A PONY TAIL.

ALEXANDRIA

(speaking into a wrist phone)

Nope. Nowhere. When it was raining, there were two people out at the front gates and the girl looked like she was carrying telephone books in a plastic bag but that's...it's hard to see details in a lightning storm without a backup in the passenger's seat...

PILOT'S VOICE

Now, lassie...this's the New Druidical Services Co-Operative standing ready to help ya out in any emergency but we can't get ya a co-pilot in ten minutes, if ya understand me...right now, I'm on my way to Lagos...

ALEXANDRIA

(staring uneasily at the wall hangings)

Think I sold my soul to ye, do ye? Think when ye say that ye improve my eyes here, do ye?

THIN ALBERT'S VOICE

Excuse me? What do you see there? Is the Grande Albert there?

ALEXANDRIA

(speaking into the wrist phone while uneasily walking around the hall)

It's an old tourist place...it looks like...set up with banners and sets of armor. Nobody's here but it has brochures. I think it's some sort of inn...

THIN ALBERT'S VOICE

The Grande Albert...where is he? It's the meeting hall of the Grande Albert...

ALEXANDRIA

(picking up a brochure from the banquet table)

I can't read these brochures. They're all in some strange language...

THIN ALBERT'S VOICE (desperately)

French?...Do you think French is strange? I was told that the Druidical Service spoke French. You need to speak French in Algeria. Don't you speak French at all?

ALEXANDRIA

Wind it down, Buddy. These are just hieroglyphics.

PILOT'S VOICE

(accompanied by static)

We are approaching the private airfield near the port of Lagos...

THIN ALBERT'S VOICE

African! Do you think that could be some sort of African language?

ALEXANDRIA

(with wrist phone upraised & continuing to glance uneasily around the hall)

Egypt is located on the continent of Africa.

THIN ALBERT'S VOICE

So is Algeria, lady...and where are you right now?

ALEXANDRIA

At the estate in Algeria.

THIN ALBERT'S VOICE

I know that. According to my instructions, you have reached the estate of the "Grande Albert". Ultimately, that Albert (or Alberta) who will play the role

of the “Grande Albert” finds himself or herself (theoretically) at the central, secret throne.

ALEXANDRIA

O...it’s a throne you want? Well, there is one here at the end of the banquet table. But it’s empty and the seat needs re-upholstery. Yeah. It looks like it’s been here for centuries. Have you landed in Lagos?

THIN ALBERT’S VOICE

Not yet. Check the throne.

ALEXANDRIA, (laughing)

There is no one sitting in this throne, buddy. It’s just a tourist attraction...as if the Knights, or...

THIN ALBERT’S VOICE

Say it!...Say it!...”Knights Templar”...!

ALEXANDRIA

I have no reason to say “Knights Templar”. How about if I say “medieval jockeys”...

THIN ALBERT’S VOICE

Undercover/Wear there?

Undercover/Wear Trigger Org?

ALEXANDRIA, (laughing)

What’s that, buddy? It’s a horse...people on horseback...It looks like there’s...ah...horse’s heads here carved into the back of the chair and the feet of the throne are crystal hooves...

(She tips the throne up on two legs to see the crystal hooves more clearly.)

Let's see...deer's feet...the head it a
horse but the feet are goat's...

CUT TO THE "GRANDE ALBERT" STANDING DIMLY IN
THE LARGE, ARCHED DOOR OF THE BANQUET HALL.
AT FIRST THIS FIGURE, WEARING A TALL HAT, IS NOT
SEEN CLEARLY BUT SEEMS TO BE THE SHADOW OF
A TOWER OR STEEPLE.
ALEXANDRIA IS EXCITED ABOUT THE APPEARANCE
OF THE THRONE AND DOES NOT NOTICE THIS
PRESENCE.

GRANDE ALBERT
(in a soft contralto/tenor voice)

May I help you, Miss?

ALEXANDRIA

(speaking into the wrist phone)

...the feet are cloven crystal hooves but
the arms each have the claws of a bird,
three claws holding a crystal ball...

PILOT'S VOICE
(suddenly, with a loud blast of static)

Landing in Lagos...! We are going to re-
fuel at the Lagos Air-Drum ...Can you
hear me? Alexandria?...Approaching
Lagos. I am going off-line...

THERE IS A LOUD BLAST OF STATIC INTERSPERSED
WITH FRAGMENTS OF MUSIC AND THEN JUST
HISSING "WHITE NOISE" ON THE WRIST PHONE.
ALEXANDRIA SLAPS HER WRIST, SHUTTING IT OFF,
AND THEN NOTICES THE "GRANDE ALBERT", WHO
HAS ENTERED FURTHER INTO THE BANQUET HALL,
AND STANDS IN FULL VIEW UNDER THE SLATTED,
ANGULAR LIGHT FROM SEVERAL LEADED, GOTHIC
WINDOWS.
THE "GRANDE ALBERT" WEARS A TALL, CONICAL
BLACK HAT AND VEIL OVER THE FACE WITH ONYX
BLACK, GLEAMING SUBGLASSES HOLDING THE VEIL

IN PLACE, AND AN ANKLE-LENGTH BLACK ROBE CLASPED WITH A SILVER BELT EMBOSSED WITH HORSE'S HEADS.

BLACK COTTON "DRIVING GLOVES" WITH LEATHER STRIPS AROUND THE FINGERS AND PALM COVER THE HANDS AND FOREARMS COMPLETELY AND A LARGE SILVER MEDALLION HANGS FROM A LEATHER THONG AROUND THE NECK. THIS MEDALLION SHOWS TWO REARING WILD HORSES WITH FRONT HOOVES INTERLOCKED IN AN ARABESQUE PATTERN WHICH BECOMES A CIRCULAR SUN-LIKE FRAME.

GRANDE ALBERT

It is fortunate that your accomplice has decided to disconnect his phone. Otherwise, I would have to electrocute you. In either case, it will be necessary to stop the transmission of information.

ALEXANDRIA

I'm not a tourist. This's professional. I have been hired by the Grande Albert.

GRANDE ALBERT

(in a singing, sarcastic tenor/contralto)

I am the Grande Albert.

ALEXANDRIA

Your organization is the Grande Albert and every member takes the name "Albert" or "Alberta". So, that's your group. I know that. You hired us. I am with the New Druidical Services Co-Operative.

GRANDE ALBERT

Correction: One of the Lesser Albertesses has hired you to penetrate this estate and, basically, to obtain Inner Information for which that particular Albert (or Alberta) may not be specifically qualified.

ALEXANDRIA

That isn't exactly it: no. They were looking for you, actually. I assume you are the Grande Albert. Do you mind if I dial out and tell Druidical Dispatch that I've found you?

GRANDE ALBERT

You are not permitted to dial out from this banquet hall. Radio sets are a recent, remedial invention for popular communications. Without a radio, as just one example, I am aware that the Undercover/Wear Trigger Organization has somehow managed to set off disturbing ideas in the minds of Albertesses on the Lower Levels.

ALEXANDRIA

O...yeah?...Say, I know this must be important to you, to your organization, but I've got to get back to my helicopter...

GRANDE ALBERT

(coily smiling)

Helicopter? You need that? Albertesses on the Lower Levels can become unnecessarily concerned with the sexual charades of the advertising industry...

FLASH CUT TO THE BROKEN LAWN CHAIR ON THE BEACH AND A CLOSE UP OF HOOF PRINTS IN THE SAND. BACK TO THE GRANDE ALBERT .

and then we have these undercover/wear hypnosis organizations, and so on.

ALEXANDRIA

(impatiently jingling the helicopter ignition keys)

I've got to report to my dispatch.

GRANDE ALBERT

I suppose you do, don't you?... You know no other life than obedience to the Quick Dispatch of the New Druidical Health Services. Would you like an application for the Grande Albert Organization, my little Alberta?

ALEXANDRIA

Alexandria.

GRANDE ALBERT

Here, there and everywhere we carry on the tradition of individual achievement.

FLASH CUT TO A HAND IN THE GRANDE ALBERT'S DRIVING GLOVES RESTING AN INDEX FINGER ON THE FOREHEAD OF A MEZMERIZED ANTELOPE.

Everyone in the Grande Albert Organization, of course, has exactly the same name and it is therefore only by their actions that you can completely know the individual Albert or Alberta. Only individual actions distinguish the individual Albertesses, particularly on the Lower, more public, levels of the Organization.

CUT TO THE IRON PORTCULLIS AT THE ENTRANCE DOOR SLAMMING SHUT FROM ABOVE. A STARTLED GRAY COBRA SLITHERS ACROSS THE FLOOR.

GRANDE ALBERT

(to Alexandria)

Would you like an application?

CUT TO A VIEW OF THE EMPTY RICKSHA IN THE JUNGLE WITH THE DRIVER'S MOTORCYCLE BELT DRAPED OVER THE HANDLEBARS. THE JEWELLED EYES OF THE INLAID HORSE'S HEAD ARE VISIBLE, FLASH BRIEFLY IN THE SUNLIGHT.

CUT TO THE VIEW OF A NEWS DOCUMENTARY BEING WATCHED ON A WAITING AREA TV BY THE HIPPIE WOMAN IN THE AMSTERDAM AIRPORT. THE SCENE

ON THE TV IS SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO. WOMEN WITH BASKETS ON THEIR HEADS ARE PASSING THE GIANT GATE OF A RUINED PALACE.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Like the labyrinth beneath the bull ring in the palace of Knossos on Crete, a major mystery of the Mayan architecture we know today is who exactly may have built these giant palaces and temples high on the deserted, rocky plateau...

CUT TO A VIEW OF THE RUINED STONE ZIGGURAT IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WHICH MOVES IN CLOSE UP TO SHOW THE INTRICATE, BEIGE DESIGN OF THE WEATHERED CARVING ON THE WALLS.

PRODUCTION CREDITS ROLL OVER THIS VIEW OF THE CARVING, WHICH IS THE SAME DESIGN AS THE WEAVE IN THE SARI OF THE RICKSHA DRIVER.

CUT TO THE VIEW OF A COUPLE SEEN FROM THE REAR AS THEY WALK A LARGE BLACK DOG ON A HEAVY HARNESS STUDDED WITH COLORED GLASS THROUGH THE CROWDED PLAZA OF ROCKEFELLER CENTER IN NEW YORK CITY. THIS COUPLE MIGHT BE THIN ALBERT AND FAT ALBERTA.

THE END